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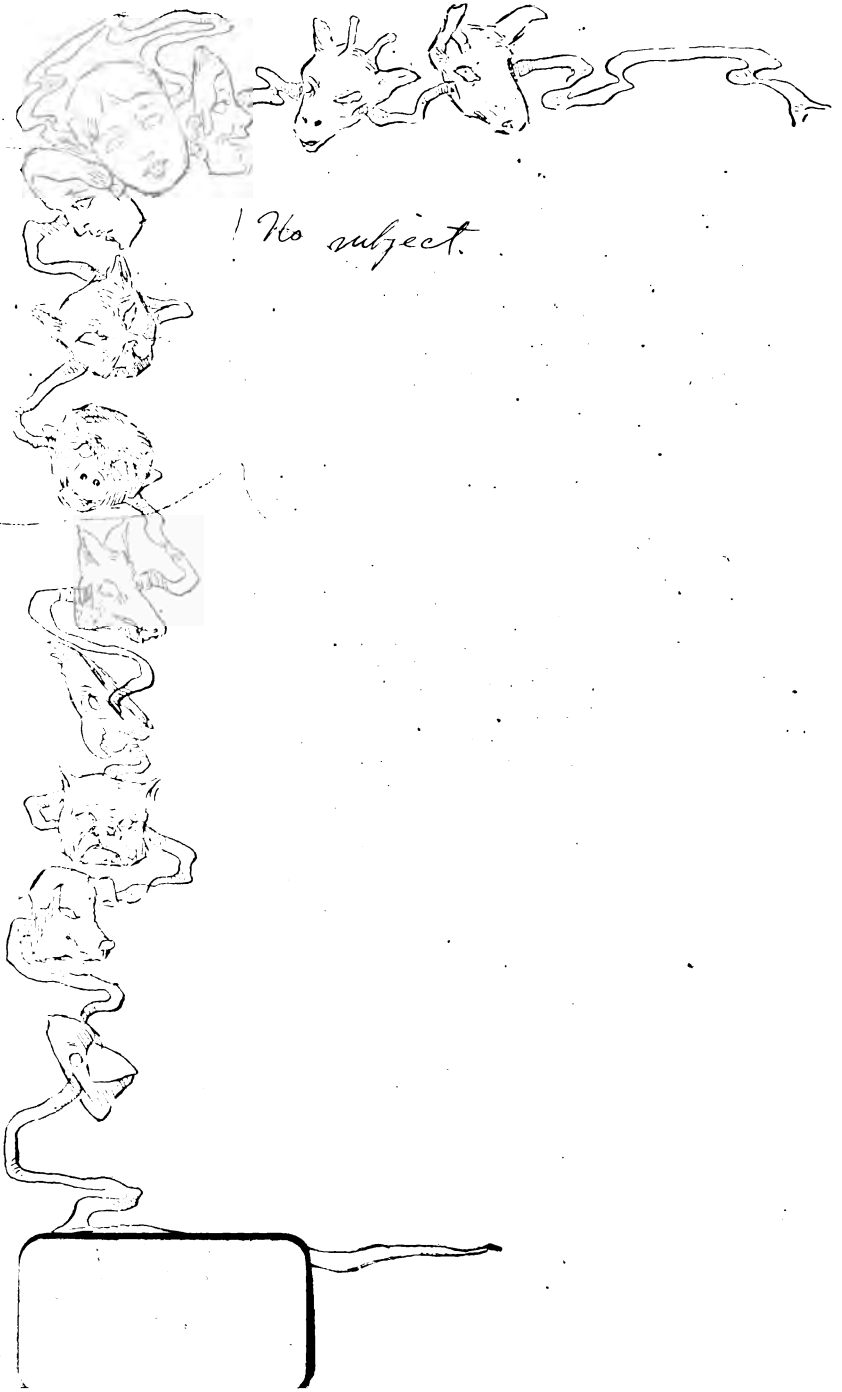
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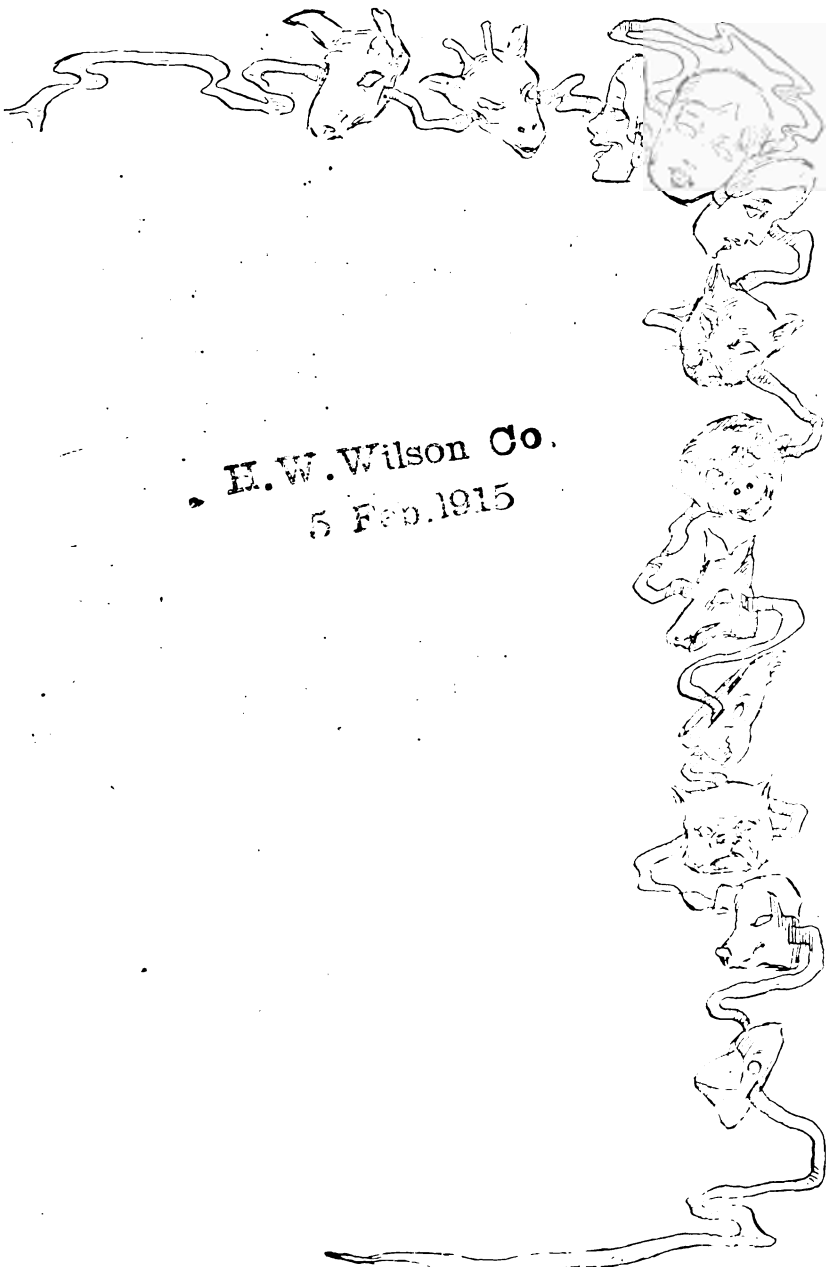
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Richard Clough Anderson



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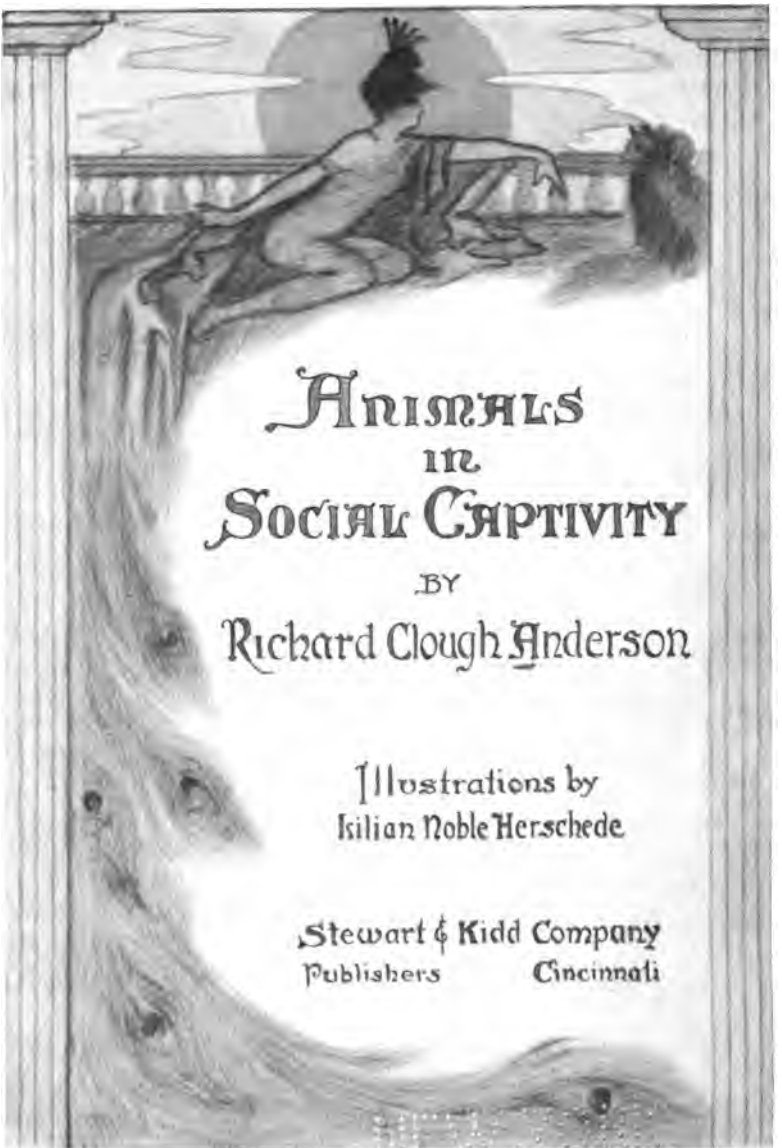


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Animals in Social Captivity

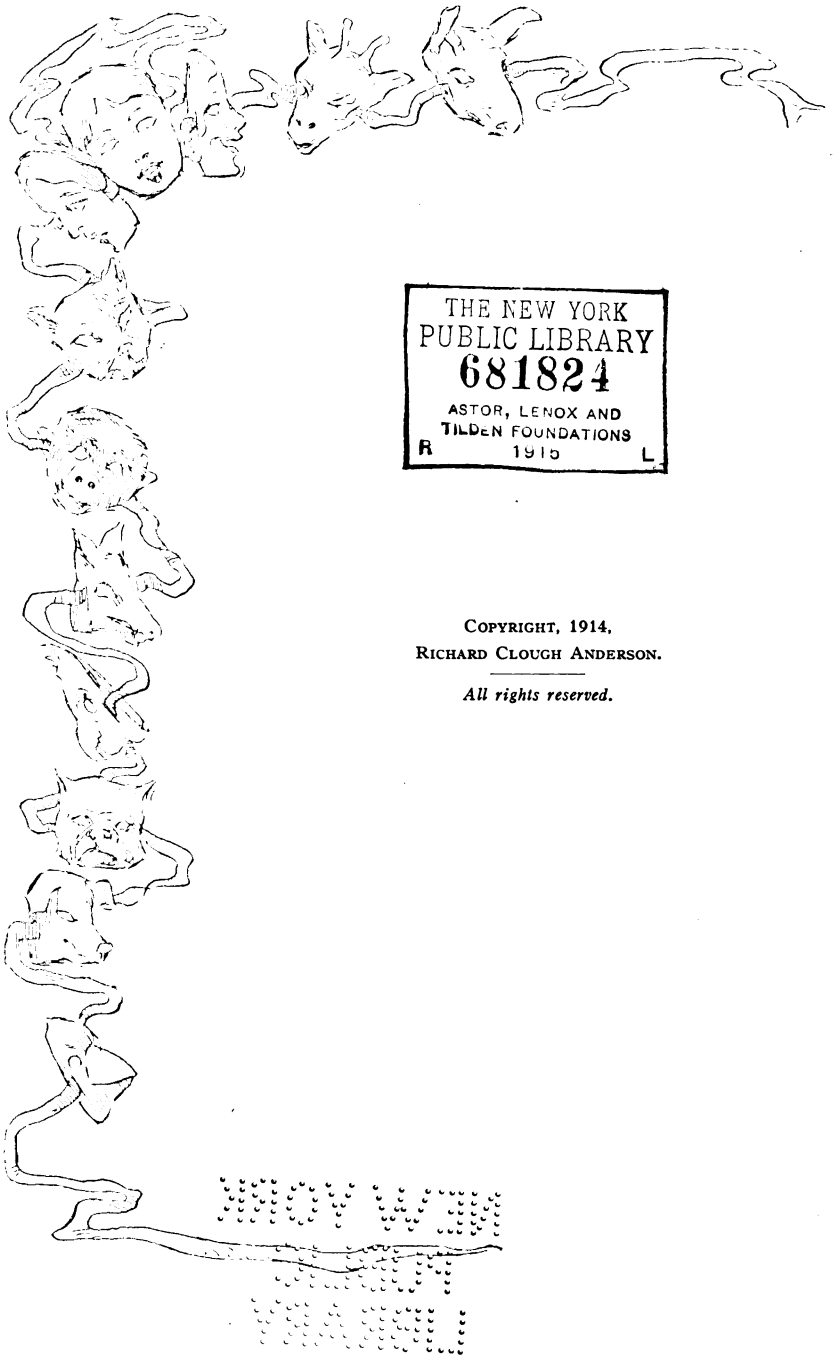
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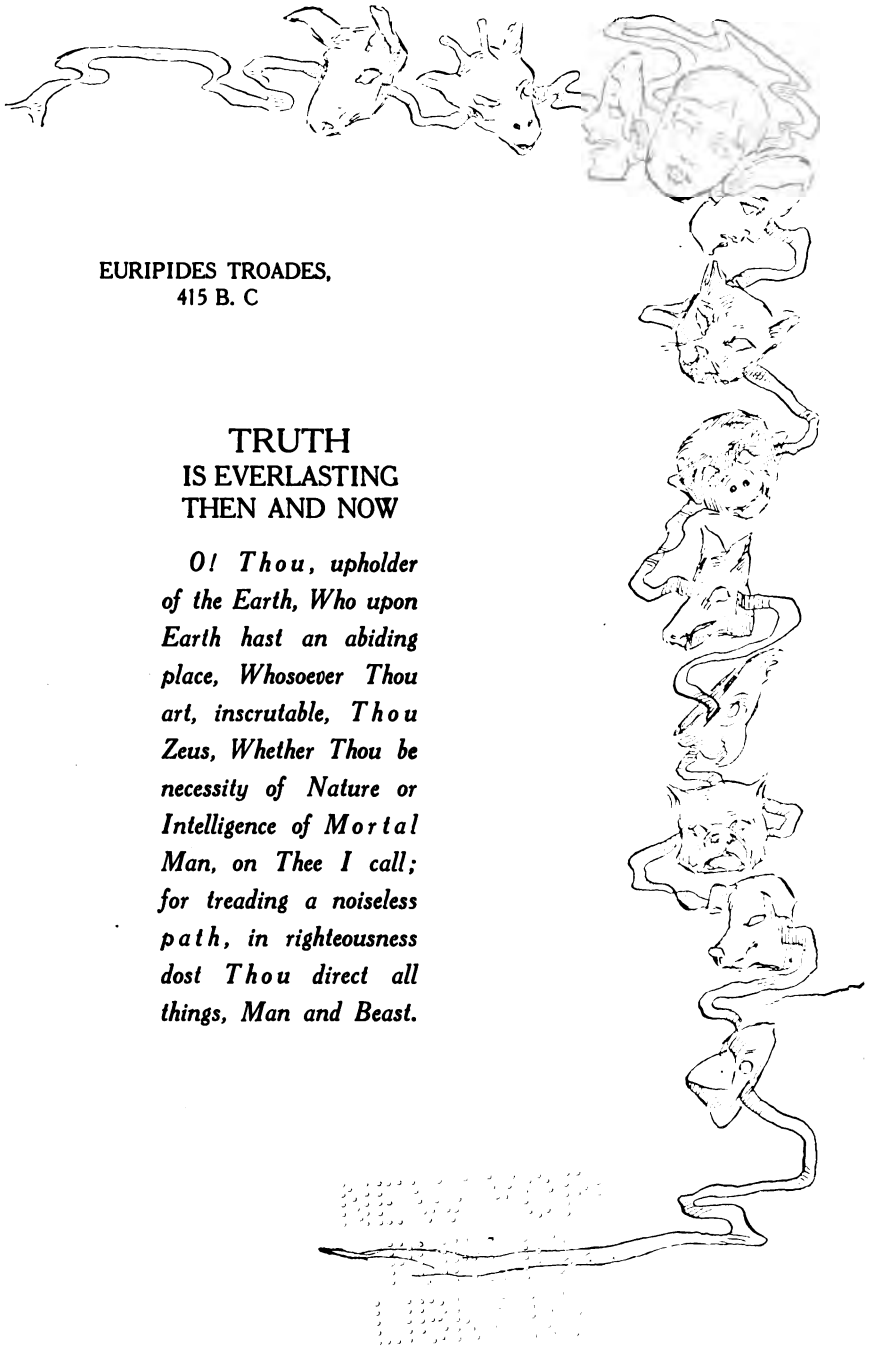
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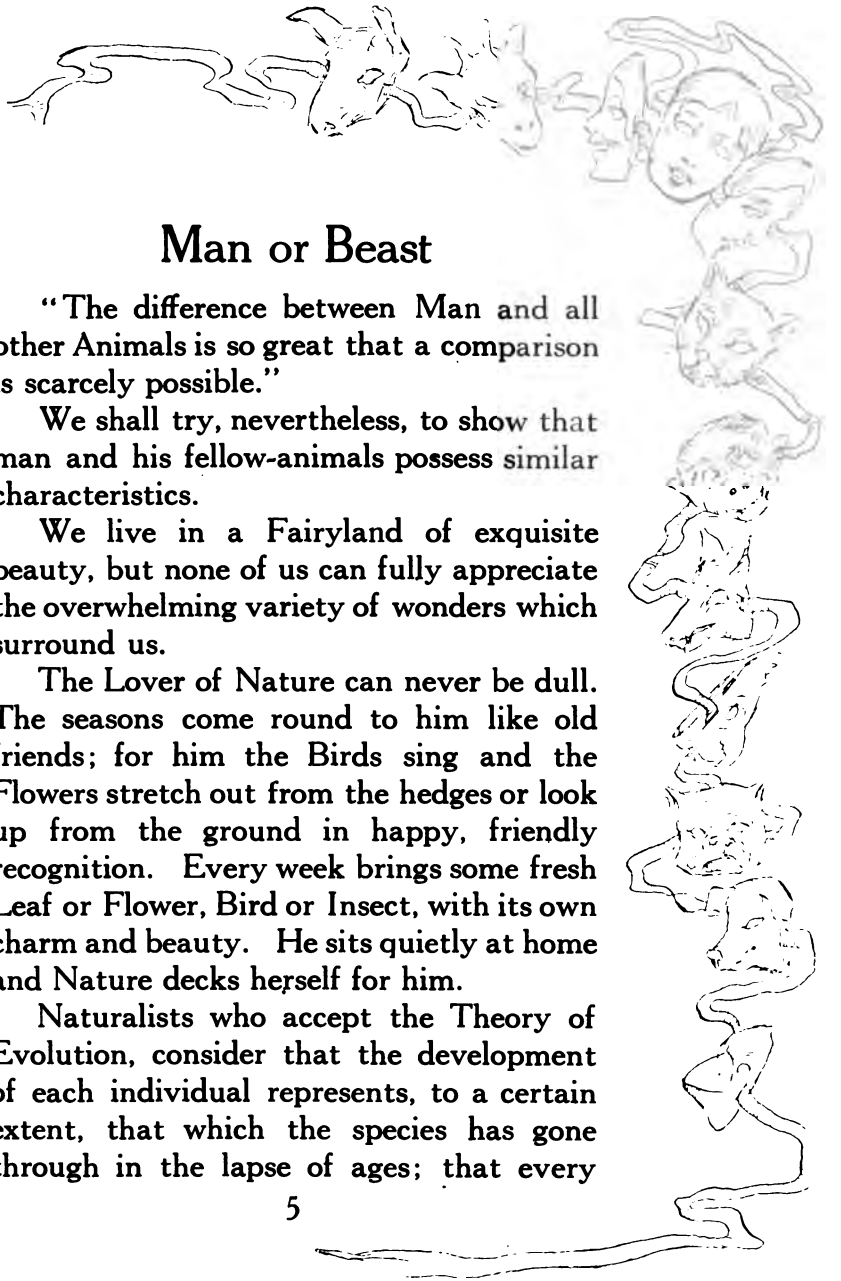


EURIPIDES TROADES,
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TRUTH
IS EVERLASTING
THEN AND NOW

O! Thou, upholder of the Earth, Who upon Earth hast an abiding place, Whosoever Thou art, inscrutable, Thou Zeus, Whether Thou be necessity of Nature or Intelligence of Mortal Man, on Thee I call; for treading a noiseless path, in righteousness dost Thou direct all things, Man and Beast.

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Man or Beast

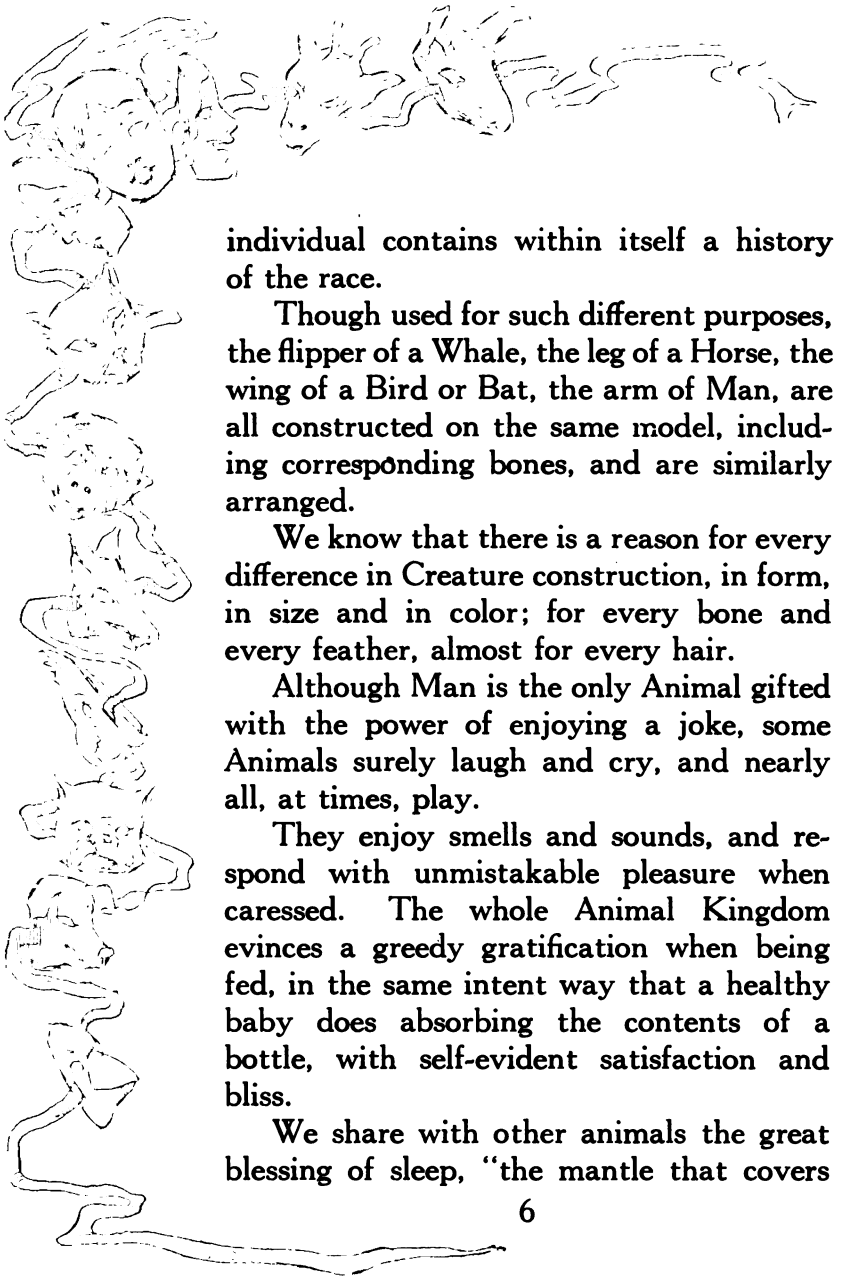
"The difference between Man and all other Animals is so great that a comparison is scarcely possible."

We shall try, nevertheless, to show that man and his fellow-animals possess similar characteristics.

We live in a Fairyland of exquisite beauty, but none of us can fully appreciate the overwhelming variety of wonders which surround us.

The Lover of Nature can never be dull. The seasons come round to him like old friends; for him the Birds sing and the Flowers stretch out from the hedges or look up from the ground in happy, friendly recognition. Every week brings some fresh Leaf or Flower, Bird or Insect, with its own charm and beauty. He sits quietly at home and Nature decks herself for him.

Naturalists who accept the Theory of Evolution, consider that the development of each individual represents, to a certain extent, that which the species has gone through in the lapse of ages; that every



individual contains within itself a history of the race.

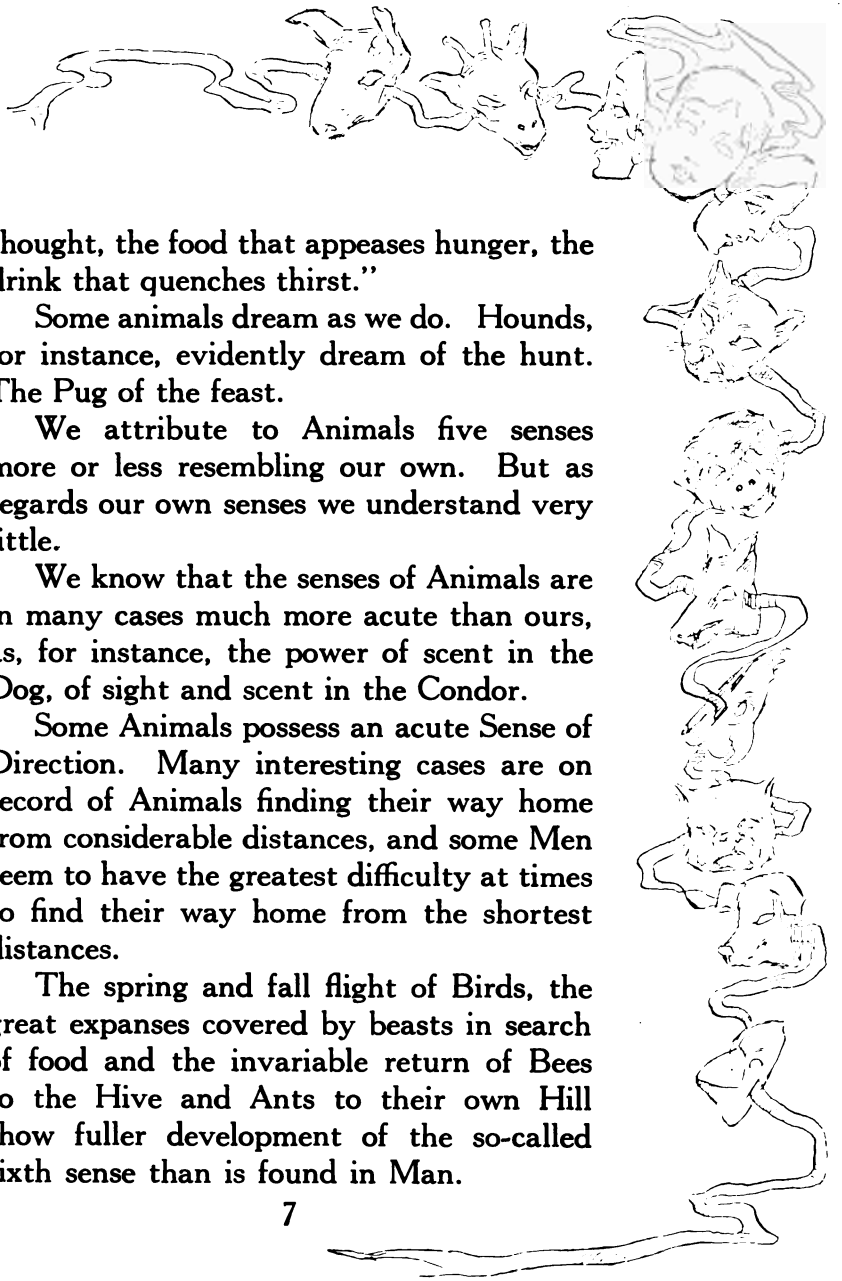
Though used for such different purposes, the flipper of a Whale, the leg of a Horse, the wing of a Bird or Bat, the arm of Man, are all constructed on the same model, including corresponding bones, and are similarly arranged.

We know that there is a reason for every difference in Creature construction, in form, in size and in color; for every bone and every feather, almost for every hair.

Although Man is the only Animal gifted with the power of enjoying a joke, some Animals surely laugh and cry, and nearly all, at times, play.

They enjoy smells and sounds, and respond with unmistakable pleasure when caressed. The whole Animal Kingdom evinces a greedy gratification when being fed, in the same intent way that a healthy baby does absorbing the contents of a bottle, with self-evident satisfaction and bliss.

We share with other animals the great blessing of sleep, "the mantle that covers



thought, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst."

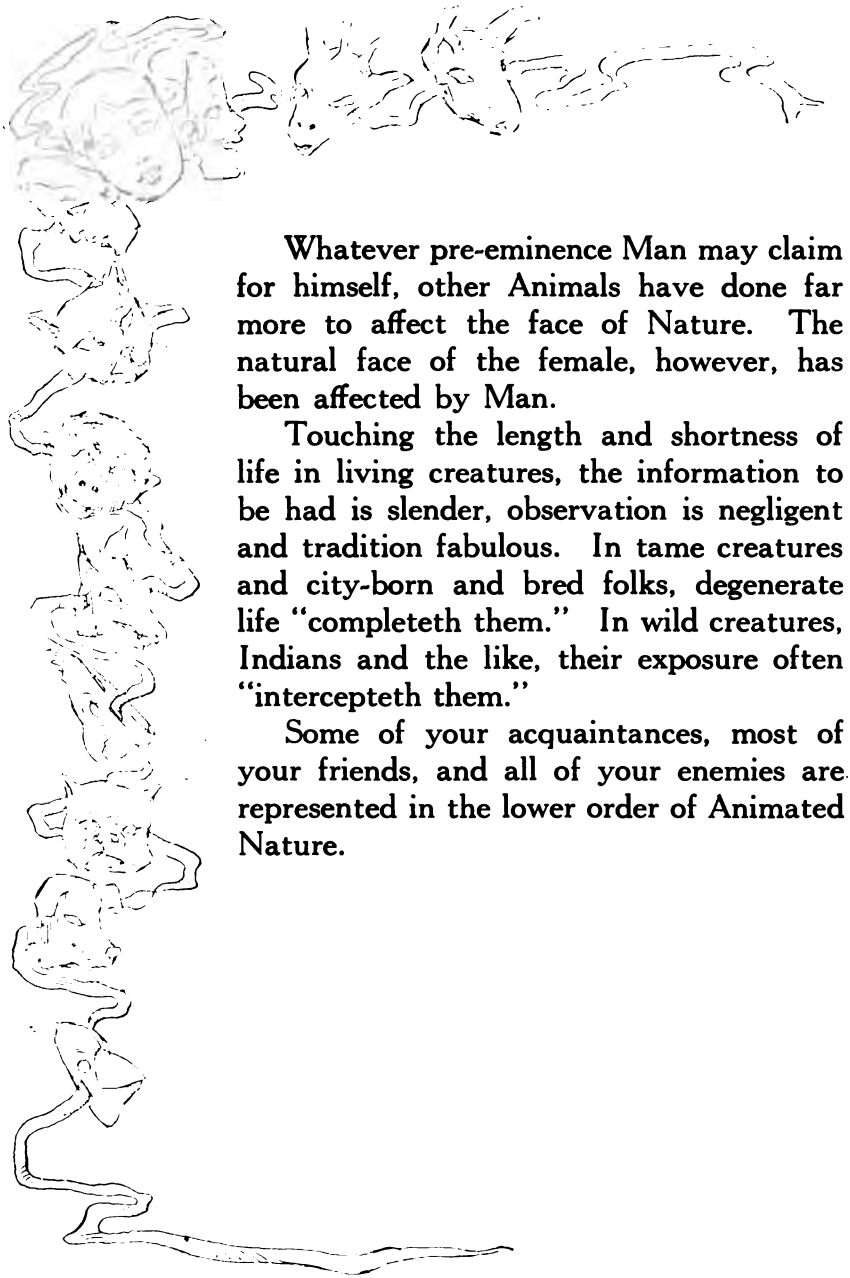
Some animals dream as we do. Hounds, for instance, evidently dream of the hunt. The Pug of the feast.

We attribute to Animals five senses more or less resembling our own. But as regards our own senses we understand very little.

We know that the senses of Animals are in many cases much more acute than ours, as, for instance, the power of scent in the Dog, of sight and scent in the Condor.

Some Animals possess an acute Sense of Direction. Many interesting cases are on record of Animals finding their way home from considerable distances, and some Men seem to have the greatest difficulty at times to find their way home from the shortest distances.

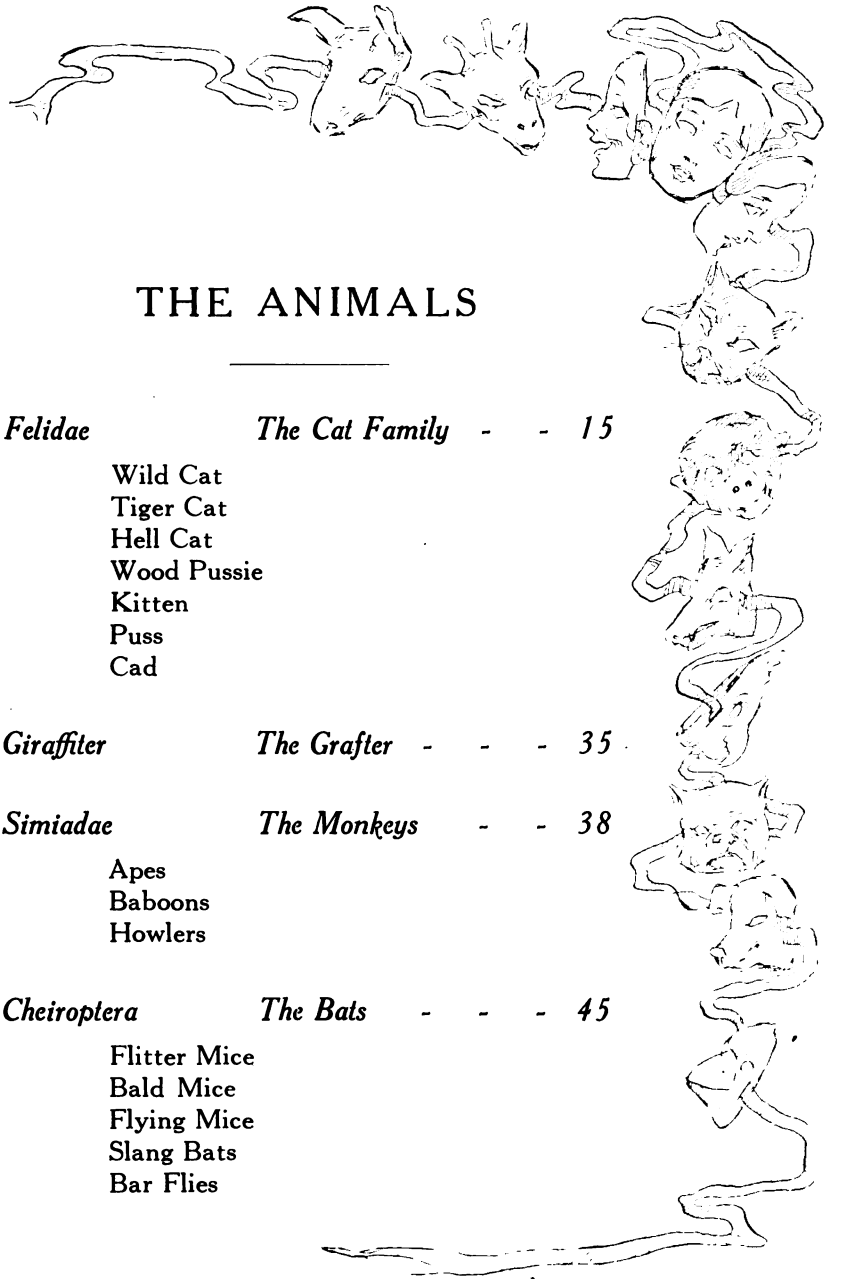
The spring and fall flight of Birds, the great expanses covered by beasts in search of food and the invariable return of Bees to the Hive and Ants to their own Hill show fuller development of the so-called sixth sense than is found in Man.



Whatever pre-eminence Man may claim for himself, other Animals have done far more to affect the face of Nature. The natural face of the female, however, has been affected by Man.

Touching the length and shortness of life in living creatures, the information to be had is slender, observation is negligent and tradition fabulous. In tame creatures and city-born and bred folks, degenerate life "completeth them." In wild creatures, Indians and the like, their exposure often "intercepteth them."

Some of your acquaintances, most of your friends, and all of your enemies are represented in the lower order of Animated Nature.



THE ANIMALS

Felidae — *The Cat Family* - - *15*

Wild Cat
Tiger Cat
Hell Cat
Wood Pussie
Kitten
Puss
Cad

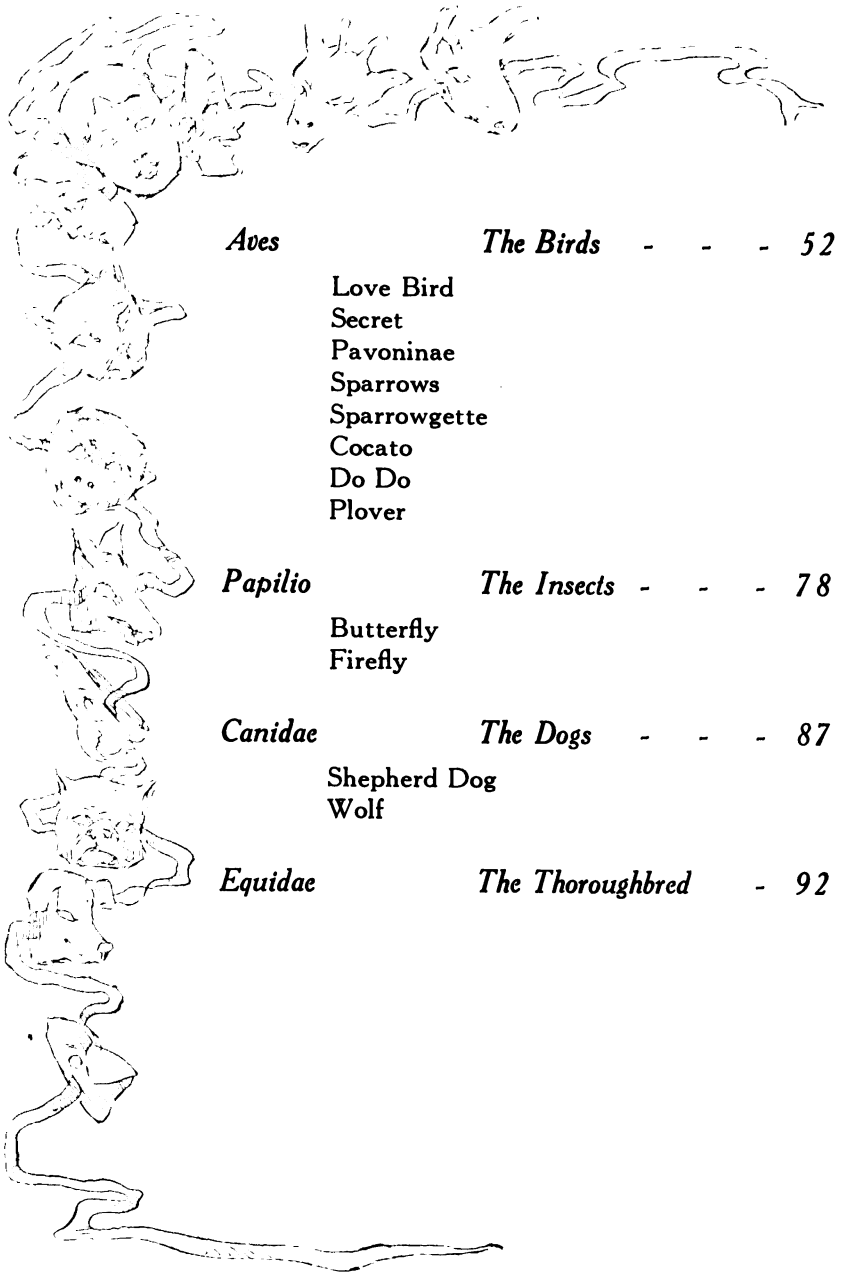
Giraffiter — *The Grafter* - - - *35*

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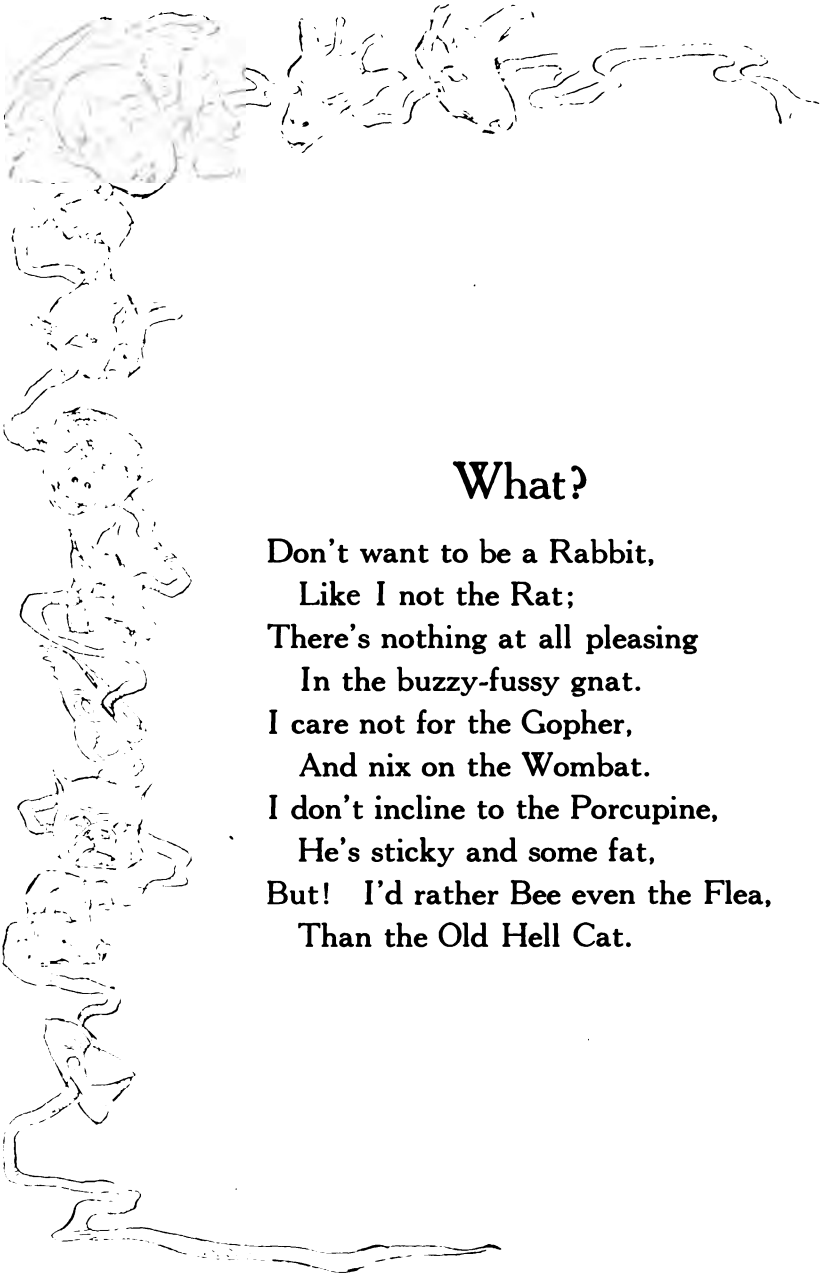
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Firefly

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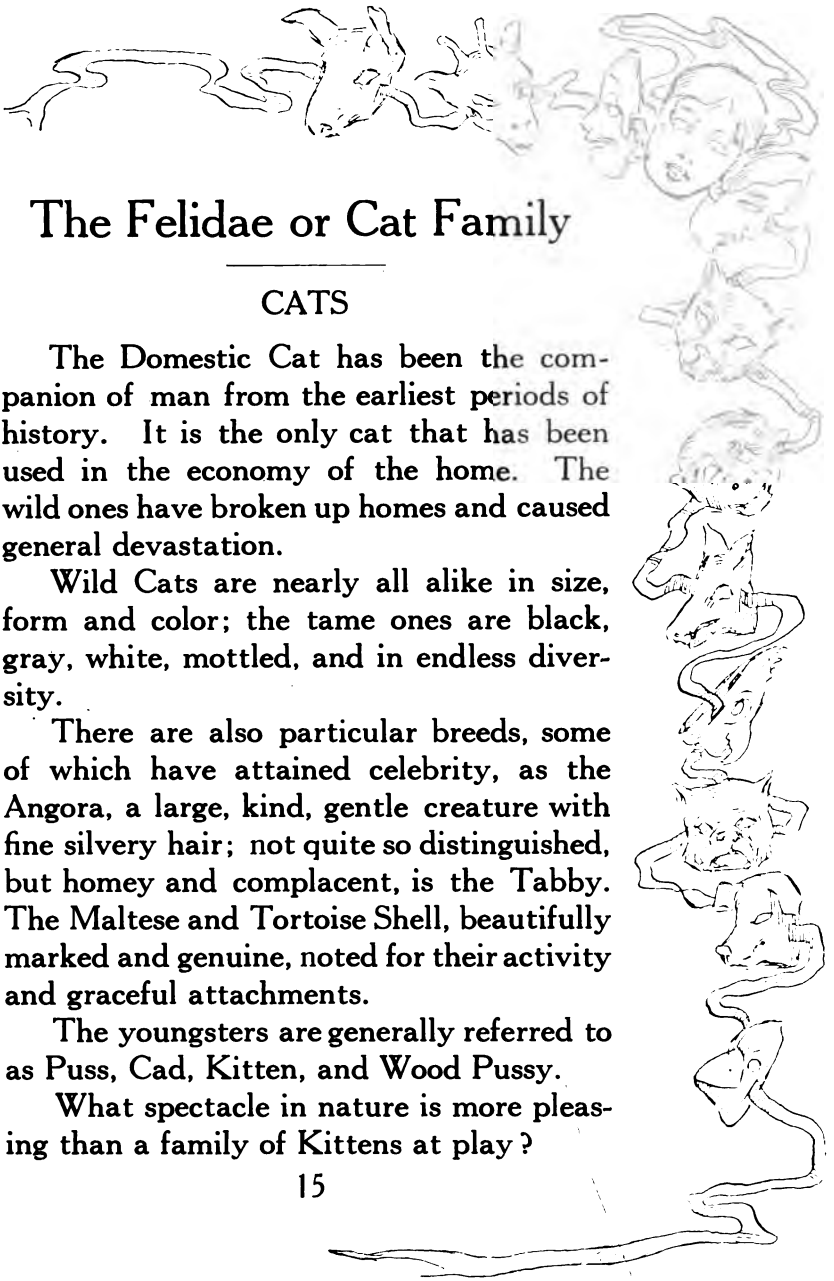
What?

Don't want to be a Rabbit,
 Like I not the Rat;
There's nothing at all pleasing
 In the buzzy-fussy gnat.
I care not for the Gopher,
 And nix on the Wombat.
I don't incline to the Porcupine,
 He's sticky and some fat,
But! I'd rather Bee even the Flea,
 Than the Old Hell Cat.





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The Felidae or Cat Family

CATS

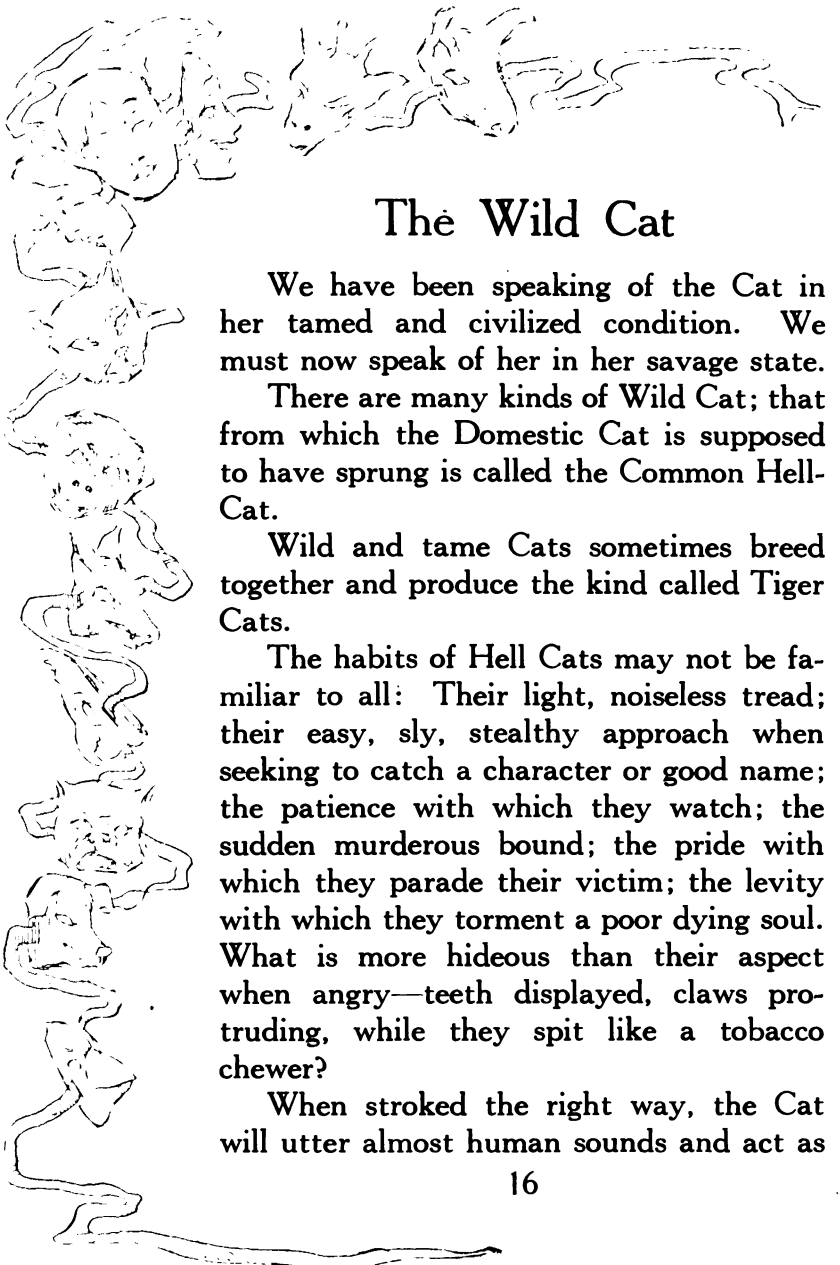
The Domestic Cat has been the companion of man from the earliest periods of history. It is the only cat that has been used in the economy of the home. The wild ones have broken up homes and caused general devastation.

Wild Cats are nearly all alike in size, form and color; the tame ones are black, gray, white, mottled, and in endless diversity.

There are also particular breeds, some of which have attained celebrity, as the Angora, a large, kind, gentle creature with fine silvery hair; not quite so distinguished, but homey and complacent, is the Tabby. The Maltese and Tortoise Shell, beautifully marked and genuine, noted for their activity and graceful attachments.

The youngsters are generally referred to as Puss, Cad, Kitten, and Wood Pussy.

What spectacle in nature is more pleasing than a family of Kittens at play?



The Wild Cat

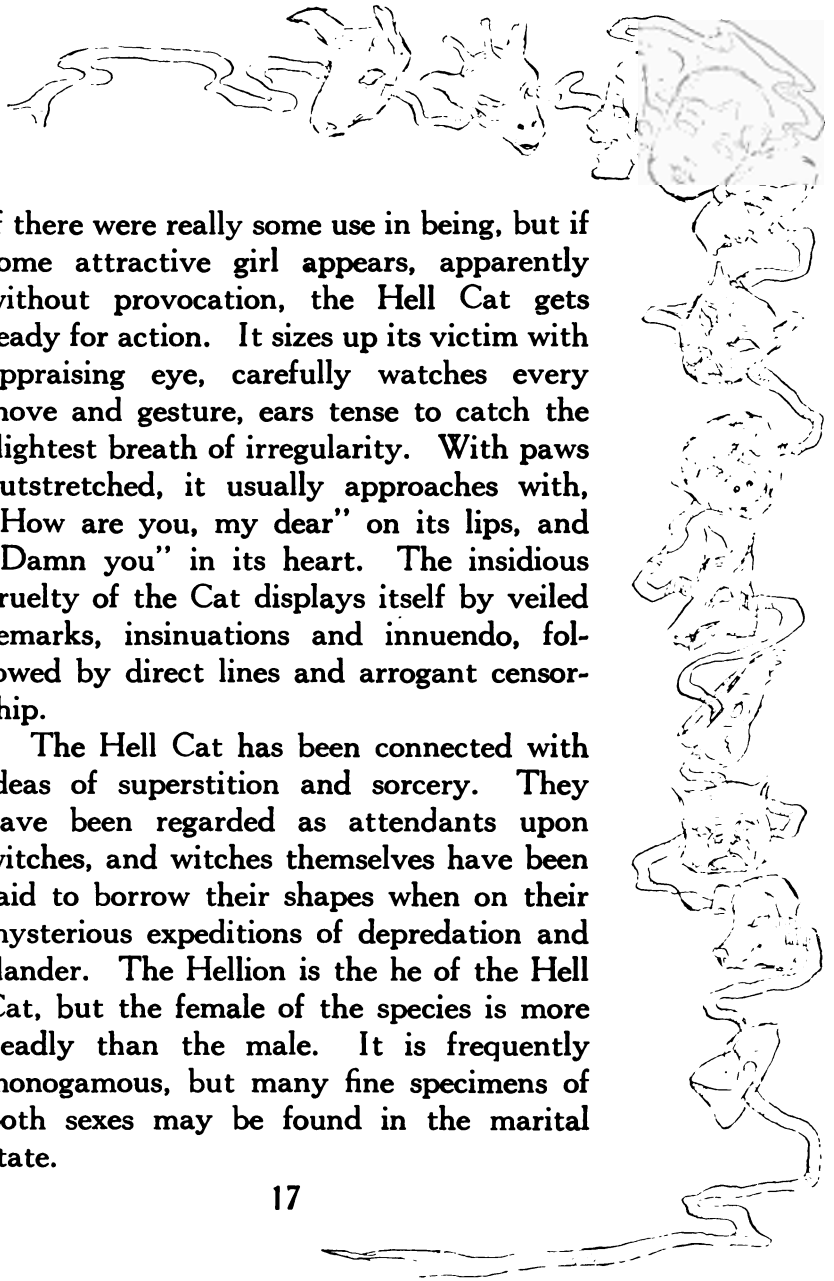
We have been speaking of the Cat in her tamed and civilized condition. We must now speak of her in her savage state.

There are many kinds of Wild Cat; that from which the Domestic Cat is supposed to have sprung is called the Common Hell-Cat.

Wild and tame Cats sometimes breed together and produce the kind called Tiger Cats.

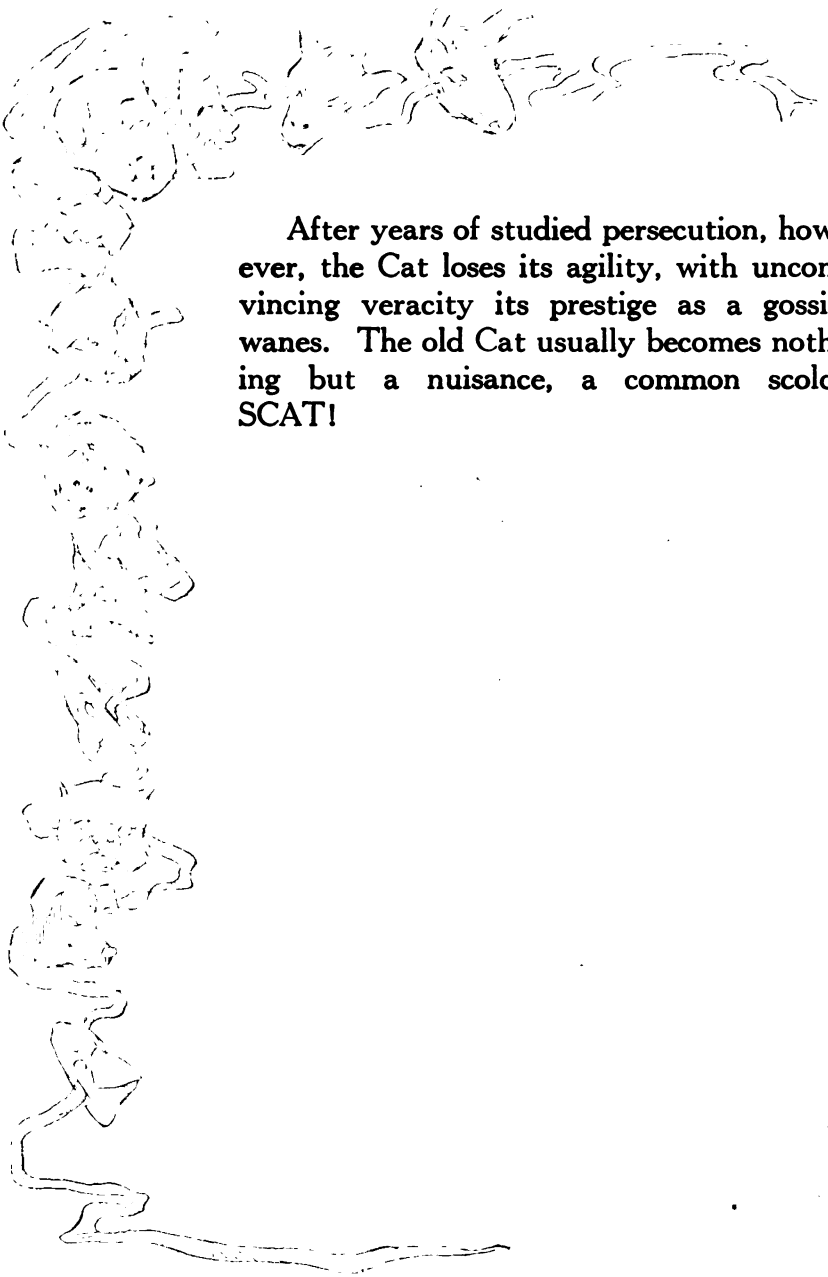
The habits of Hell Cats may not be familiar to all: Their light, noiseless tread; their easy, sly, stealthy approach when seeking to catch a character or good name; the patience with which they watch; the sudden murderous bound; the pride with which they parade their victim; the levity with which they torment a poor dying soul. What is more hideous than their aspect when angry—teeth displayed, claws protruding, while they spit like a tobacco chewer?

When stroked the right way, the Cat will utter almost human sounds and act as

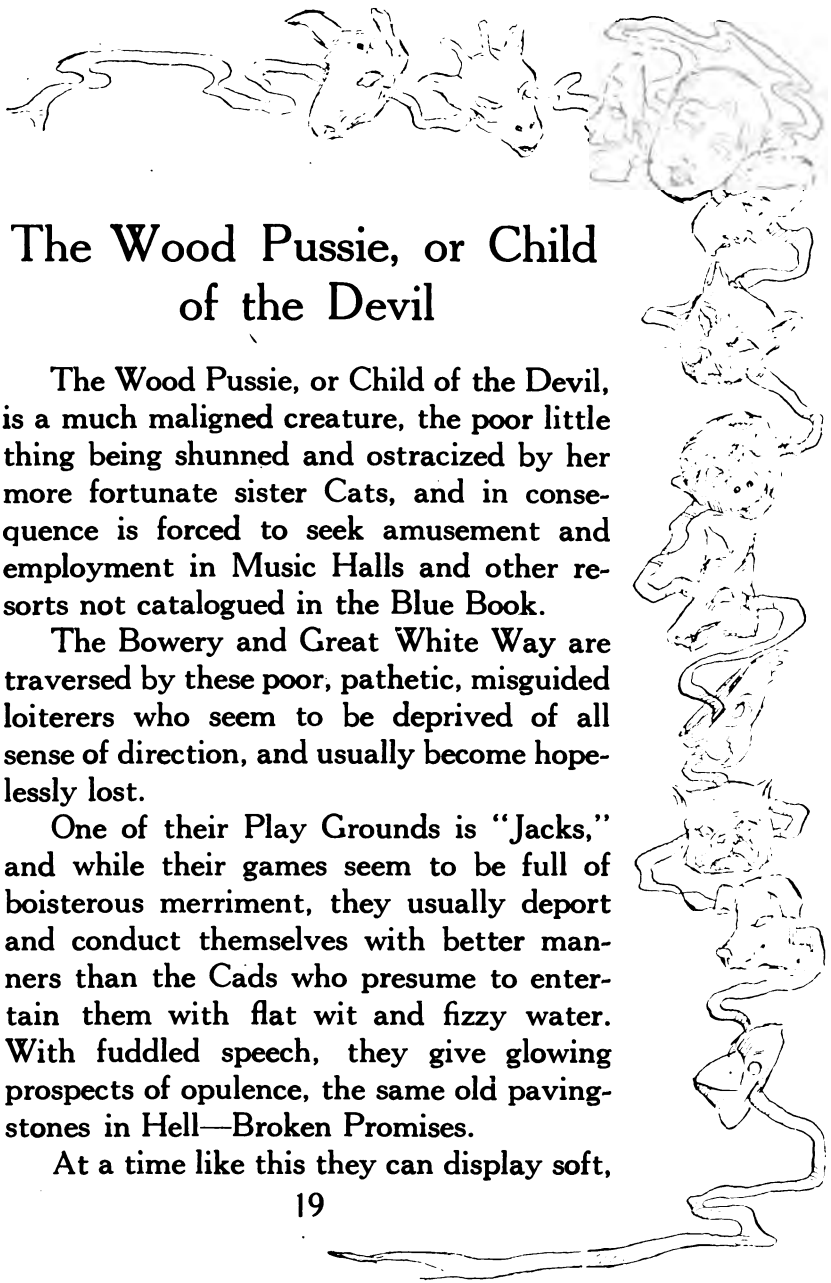


if there were really some use in being, but if some attractive girl appears, apparently without provocation, the Hell Cat gets ready for action. It sizes up its victim with appraising eye, carefully watches every move and gesture, ears tense to catch the slightest breath of irregularity. With paws outstretched, it usually approaches with, "How are you, my dear" on its lips, and "Damn you" in its heart. The insidious cruelty of the Cat displays itself by veiled remarks, insinuations and innuendo, followed by direct lines and arrogant censorship.

The Hell Cat has been connected with ideas of superstition and sorcery. They have been regarded as attendants upon witches, and witches themselves have been said to borrow their shapes when on their mysterious expeditions of depredation and slander. The Hellion is the he of the Hell Cat, but the female of the species is more deadly than the male. It is frequently monogamous, but many fine specimens of both sexes may be found in the marital state.



After years of studied persecution, however, the Cat loses its agility, with unconvincing veracity its prestige as a gossip wanes. The old Cat usually becomes nothing but a nuisance, a common scold. SCAT!



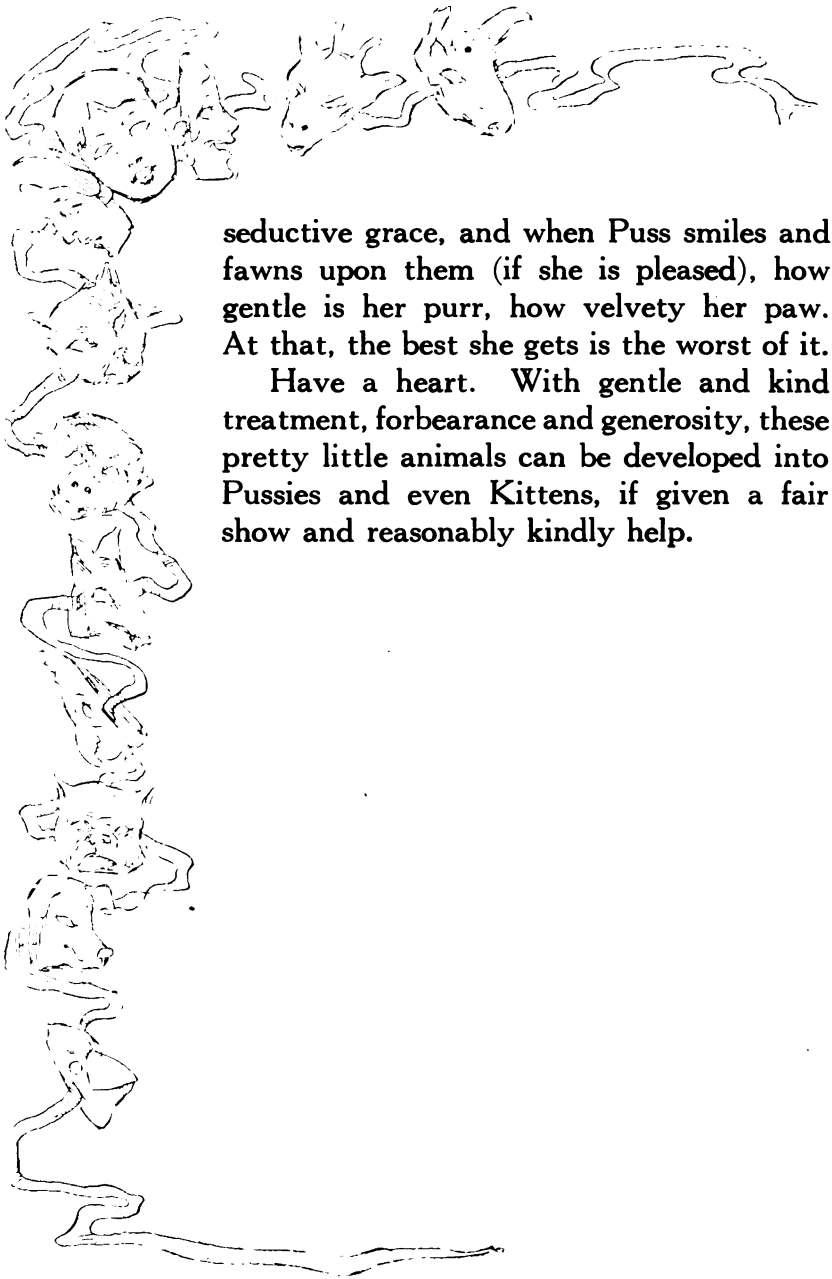
The Wood Pussie, or Child of the Devil

The Wood Pussie, or Child of the Devil, is a much maligned creature, the poor little thing being shunned and ostracized by her more fortunate sister Cats, and in consequence is forced to seek amusement and employment in Music Halls and other resorts not catalogued in the Blue Book.

The Bowery and Great White Way are traversed by these poor, pathetic, misguided loiterers who seem to be deprived of all sense of direction, and usually become hopelessly lost.

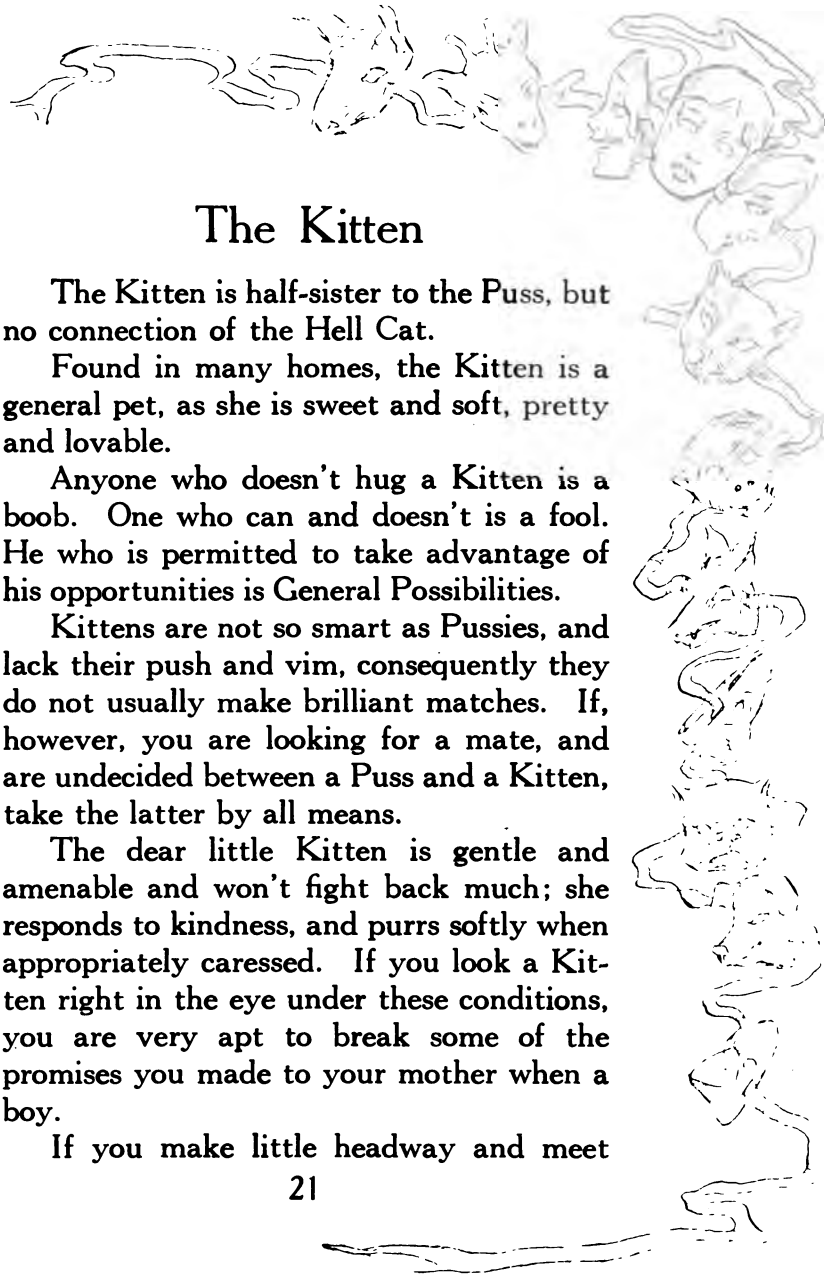
One of their Play Grounds is "Jacks," and while their games seem to be full of boisterous merriment, they usually deport and conduct themselves with better manners than the Cads who presume to entertain them with flat wit and fizzy water. With fuddled speech, they give glowing prospects of opulence, the same old paving-stones in Hell—Broken Promises.

At a time like this they can display soft,



seductive grace, and when Puss smiles and fawns upon them (if she is pleased), how gentle is her purr, how velvety her paw. At that, the best she gets is the worst of it.

Have a heart. With gentle and kind treatment, forbearance and generosity, these pretty little animals can be developed into Pussies and even Kittens, if given a fair show and reasonably kindly help.



The Kitten

The Kitten is half-sister to the Puss, but no connection of the Hell Cat.

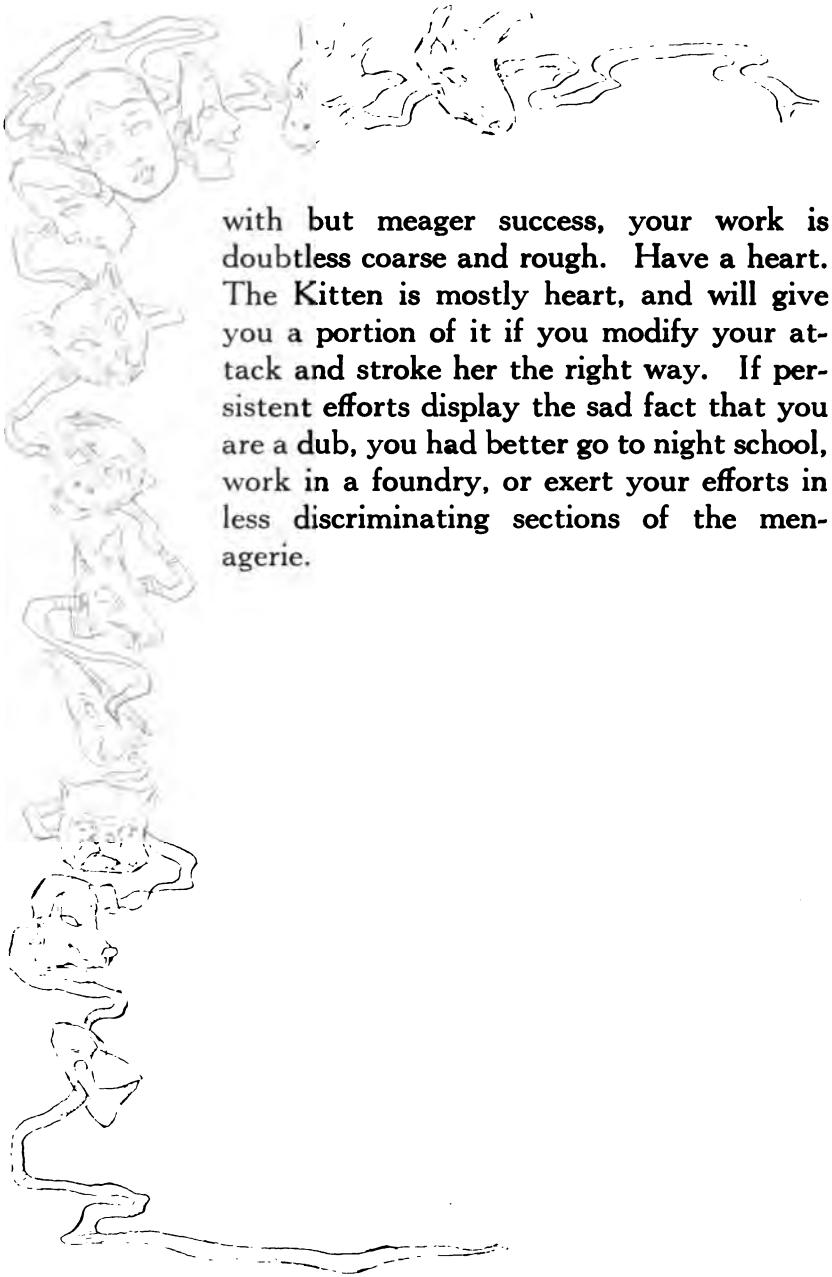
Found in many homes, the Kitten is a general pet, as she is sweet and soft, pretty and lovable.

Anyone who doesn't hug a Kitten is a boob. One who can and doesn't is a fool. He who is permitted to take advantage of his opportunities is General Possibilities.

Kittens are not so smart as Pussies, and lack their push and vim, consequently they do not usually make brilliant matches. If, however, you are looking for a mate, and are undecided between a Puss and a Kitten, take the latter by all means.

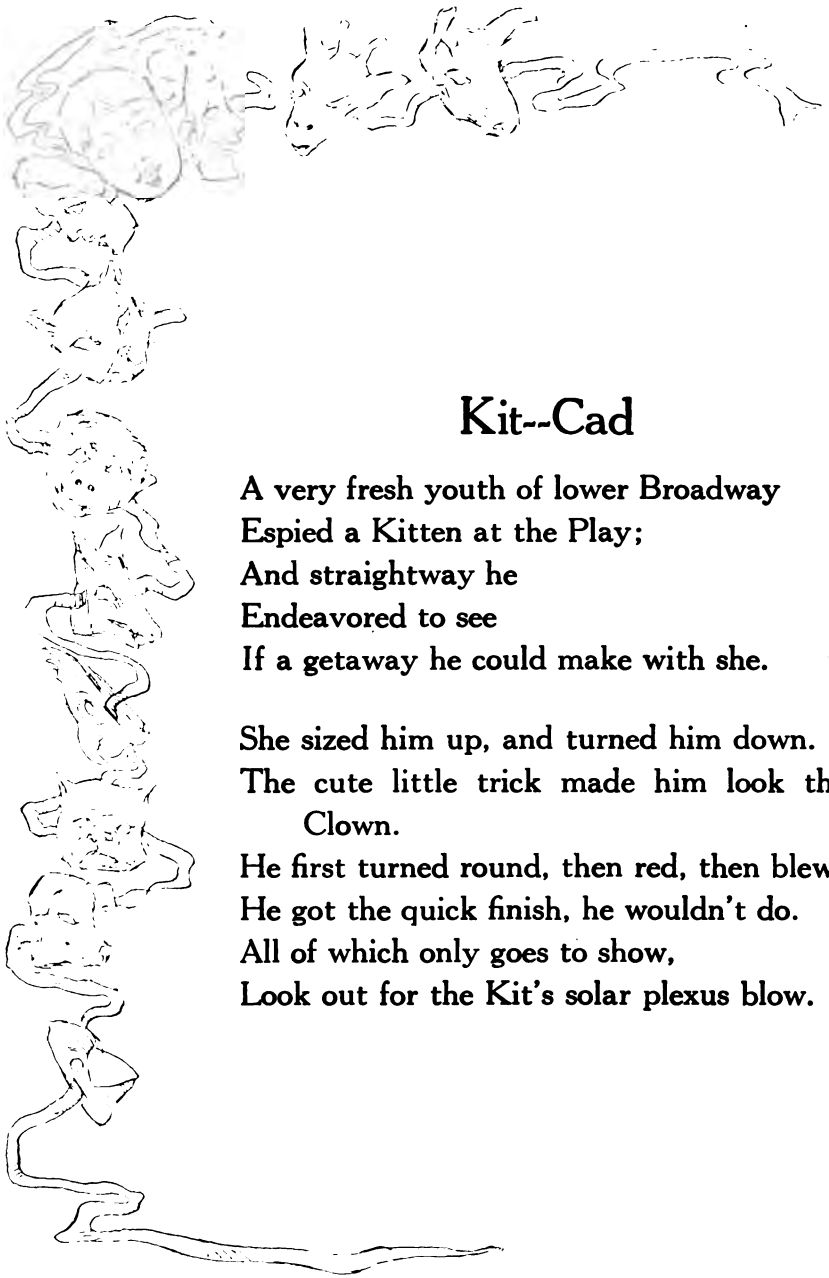
The dear little Kitten is gentle and amenable and won't fight back much; she responds to kindness, and purrs softly when appropriately caressed. If you look a Kitten right in the eye under these conditions, you are very apt to break some of the promises you made to your mother when a boy.

If you make little headway and meet



with but meager success, your work is doubtless coarse and rough. Have a heart. The Kitten is mostly heart, and will give you a portion of it if you modify your attack and stroke her the right way. If persistent efforts display the sad fact that you are a dub, you had better go to night school, work in a foundry, or exert your efforts in less discriminating sections of the menagerie.





Kit--Cad

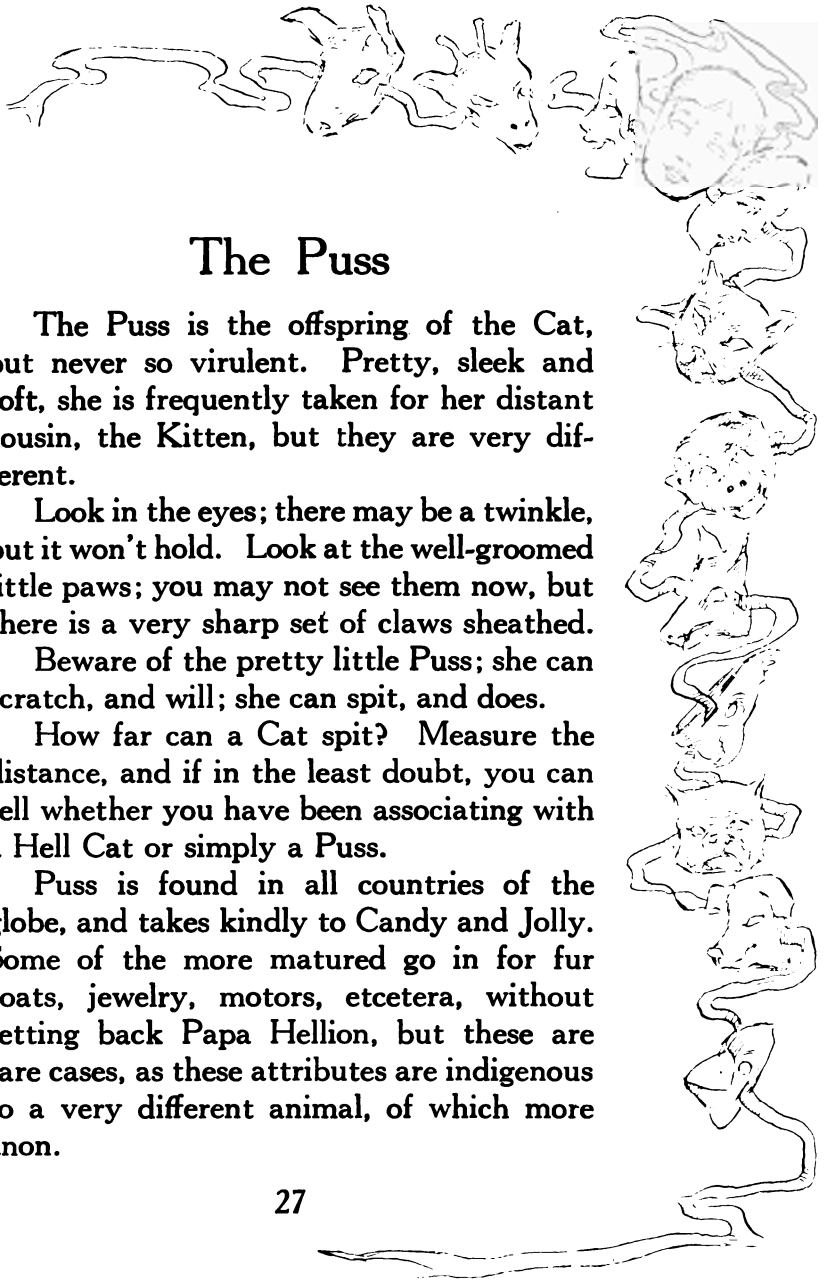
A very fresh youth of lower Broadway
Espied a Kitten at the Play;
And straightway he
Endeavored to see
If a getaway he could make with she.

She sized him up, and turned him down.
The cute little trick made him look the
Clown.
He first turned round, then red, then blew;
He got the quick finish, he wouldn't do.
All of which only goes to show,
Look out for the Kit's solar plexus blow.



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The Puss

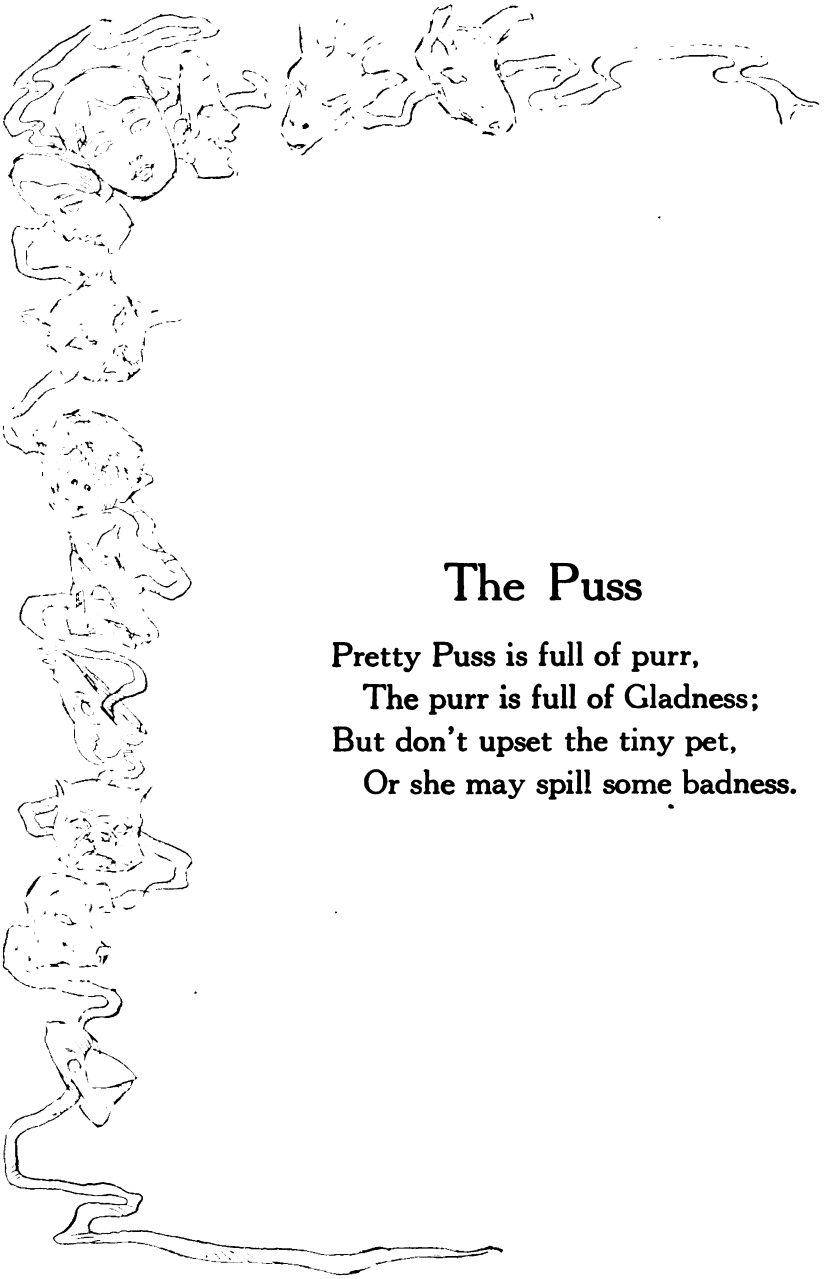
The Puss is the offspring of the Cat, but never so virulent. Pretty, sleek and soft, she is frequently taken for her distant cousin, the Kitten, but they are very different.

Look in the eyes; there may be a twinkle, but it won't hold. Look at the well-groomed little paws; you may not see them now, but there is a very sharp set of claws sheathed.

Beware of the pretty little Puss; she can scratch, and will; she can spit, and does.

How far can a Cat spit? Measure the distance, and if in the least doubt, you can tell whether you have been associating with a Hell Cat or simply a Puss.

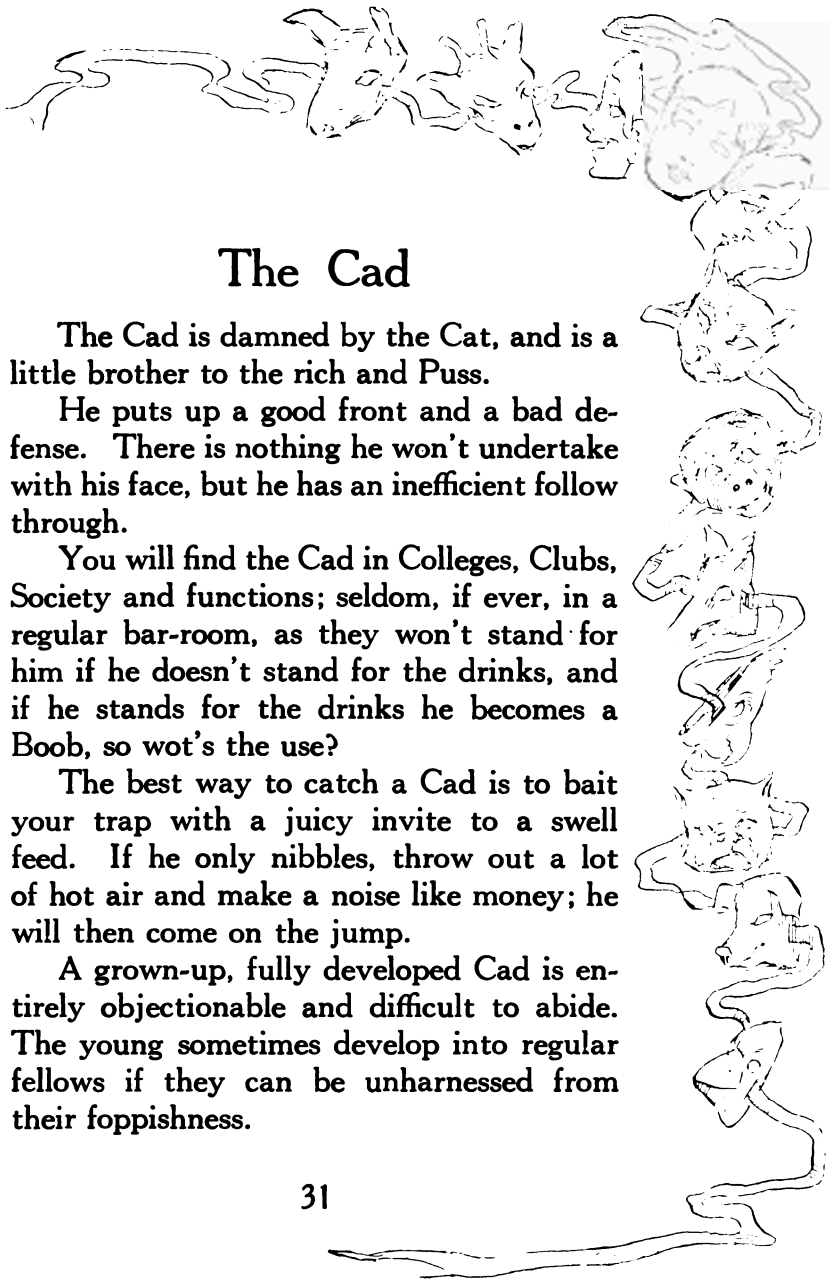
Puss is found in all countries of the globe, and takes kindly to Candy and Jolly. Some of the more matured go in for fur coats, jewelry, motors, etcetera, without setting back Papa Hellion, but these are rare cases, as these attributes are indigenous to a very different animal, of which more anon.



The Puss

Pretty Puss is full of purr,
The purr is full of Gladness;
But don't upset the tiny pet,
Or she may spill some badness.





The Cad

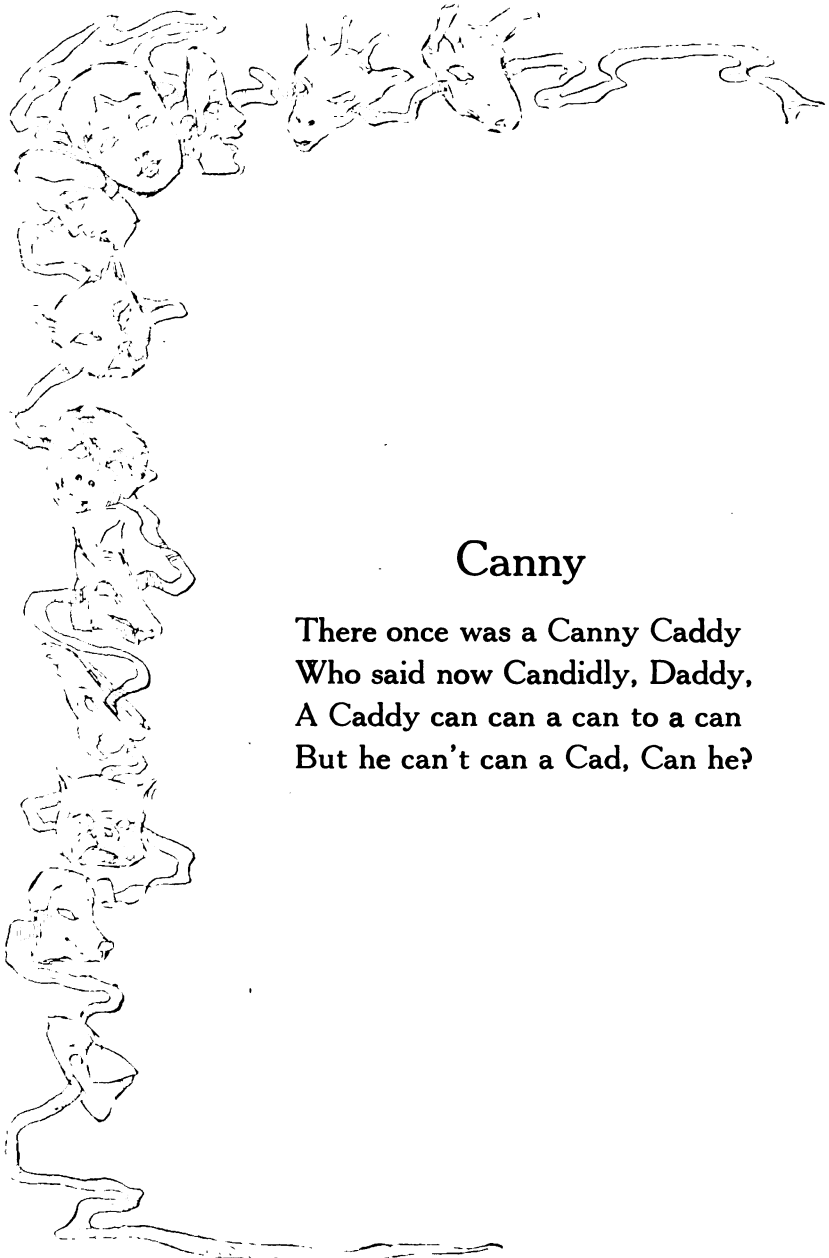
The Cad is damned by the Cat, and is a little brother to the rich and Puss.

He puts up a good front and a bad defense. There is nothing he won't undertake with his face, but he has an inefficient follow through.

You will find the Cad in Colleges, Clubs, Society and functions; seldom, if ever, in a regular bar-room, as they won't stand for him if he doesn't stand for the drinks, and if he stands for the drinks he becomes a Boob, so wot's the use?

The best way to catch a Cad is to bait your trap with a juicy invite to a swell feed. If he only nibbles, throw out a lot of hot air and make a noise like money; he will then come on the jump.

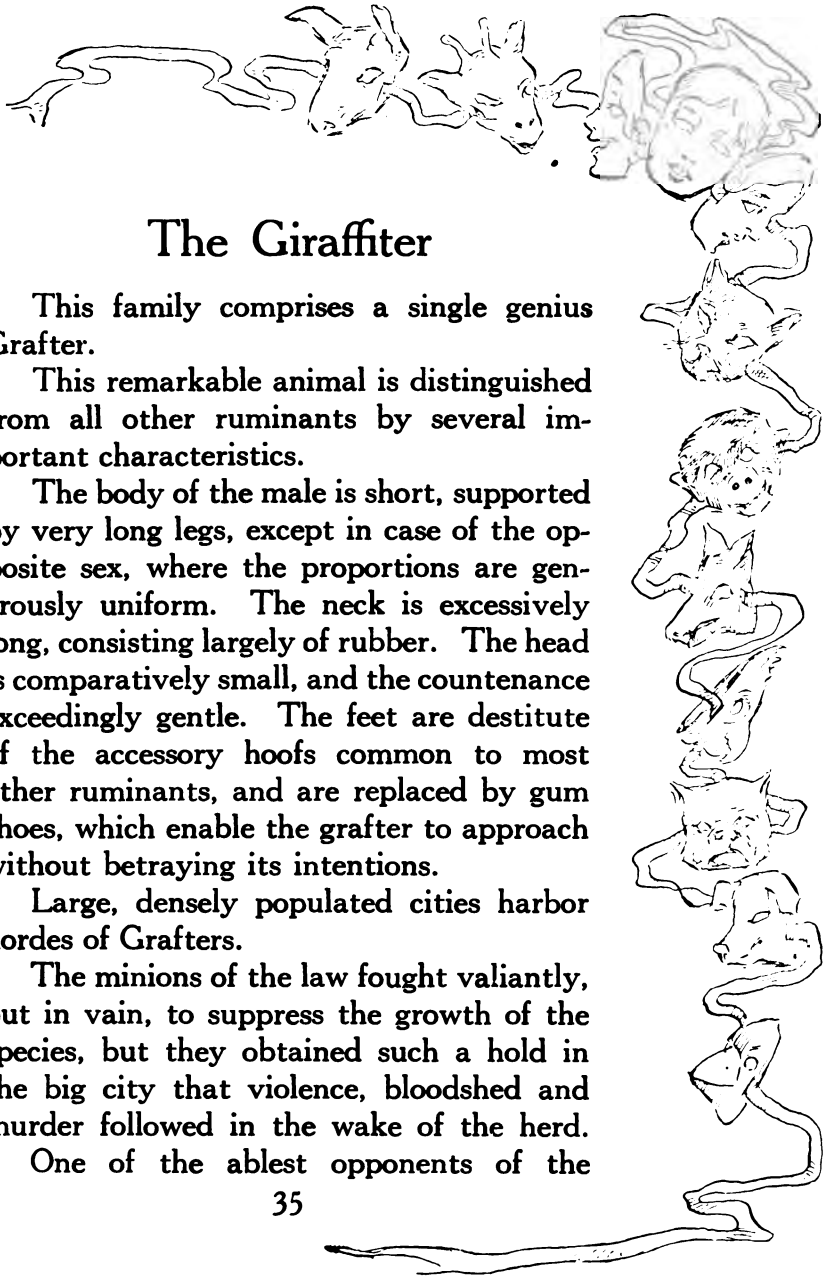
A grown-up, fully developed Cad is entirely objectionable and difficult to abide. The young sometimes develop into regular fellows if they can be unharnessed from their foppishness.



Canny

There once was a Canny Caddy
Who said now Candidly, Daddy,
A Caddy can can a can to a can
But he can't can a Cad, Can he?





The Giraffiter

This family comprises a single genius Grafter.

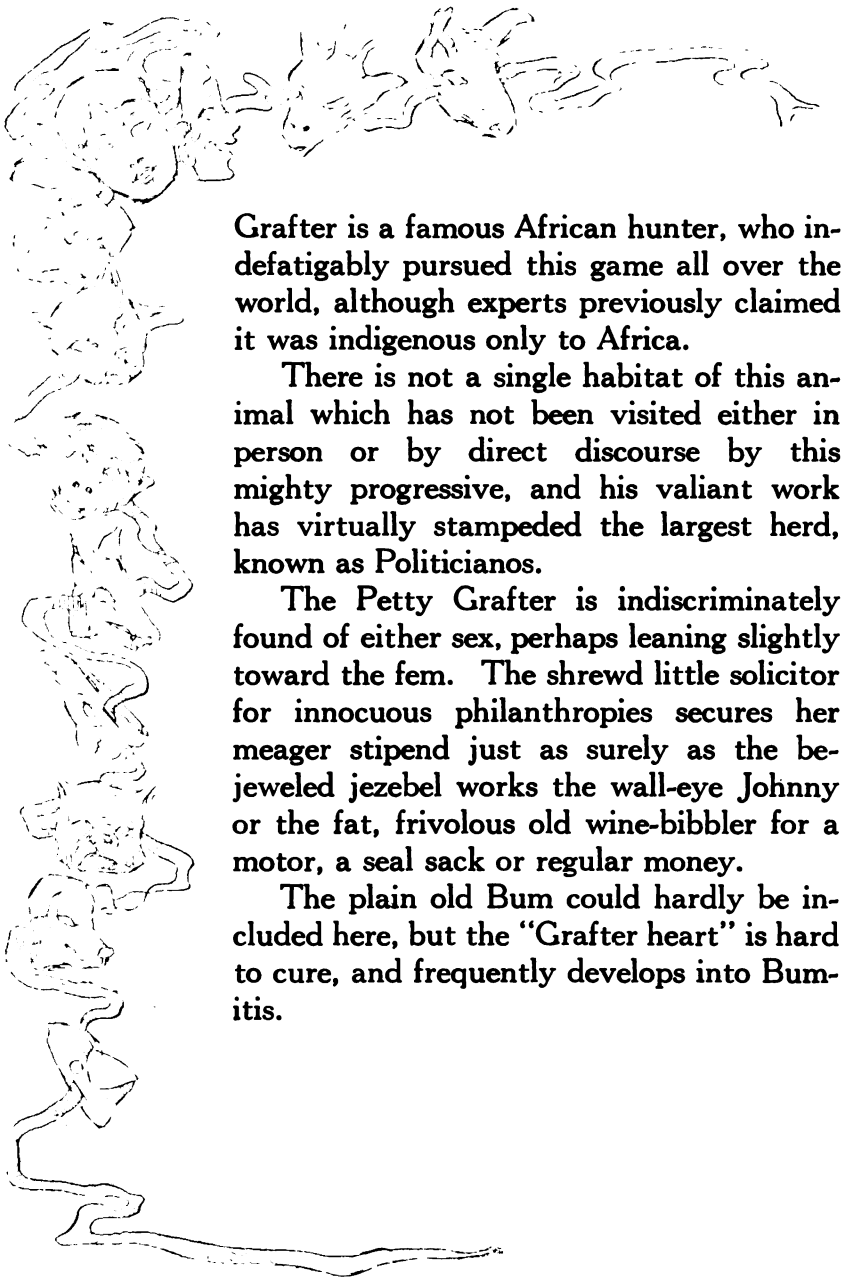
This remarkable animal is distinguished from all other ruminants by several important characteristics.

The body of the male is short, supported by very long legs, except in case of the opposite sex, where the proportions are generously uniform. The neck is excessively long, consisting largely of rubber. The head is comparatively small, and the countenance exceedingly gentle. The feet are destitute of the accessory hoofs common to most other ruminants, and are replaced by gum shoes, which enable the grafter to approach without betraying its intentions.

Large, densely populated cities harbor hordes of Grafters.

The minions of the law fought valiantly, but in vain, to suppress the growth of the species, but they obtained such a hold in the big city that violence, bloodshed and murder followed in the wake of the herd.

One of the ablest opponents of the

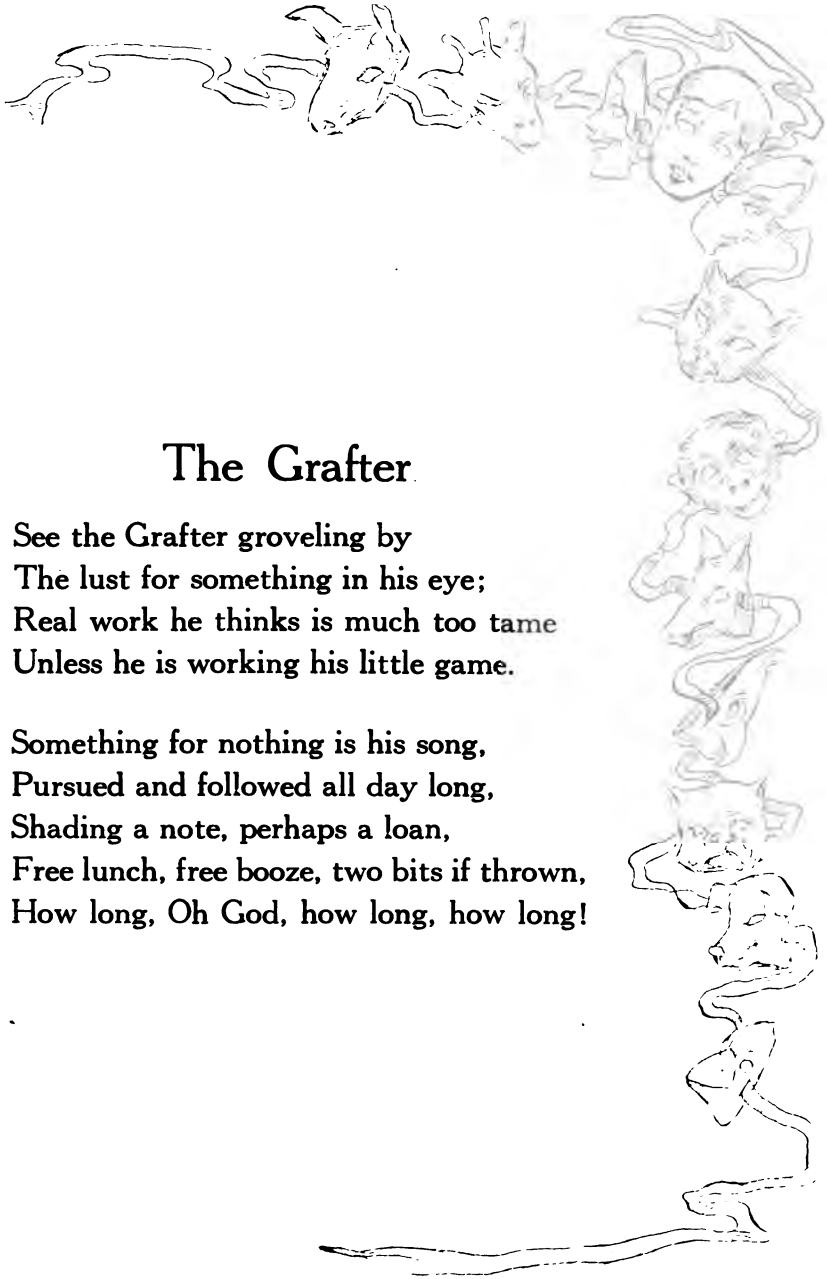


Grafter is a famous African hunter, who indefatigably pursued this game all over the world, although experts previously claimed it was indigenous only to Africa.

There is not a single habitat of this animal which has not been visited either in person or by direct discourse by this mighty progressive, and his valiant work has virtually stampeded the largest herd, known as Politicianos.

The Petty Grafter is indiscriminately found of either sex, perhaps leaning slightly toward the fem. The shrewd little solicitor for innocuous philanthropies secures her meager stipend just as surely as the bejeweled jezebel works the wall-eye Johnny or the fat, frivolous old wine-bibbler for a motor, a seal sack or regular money.

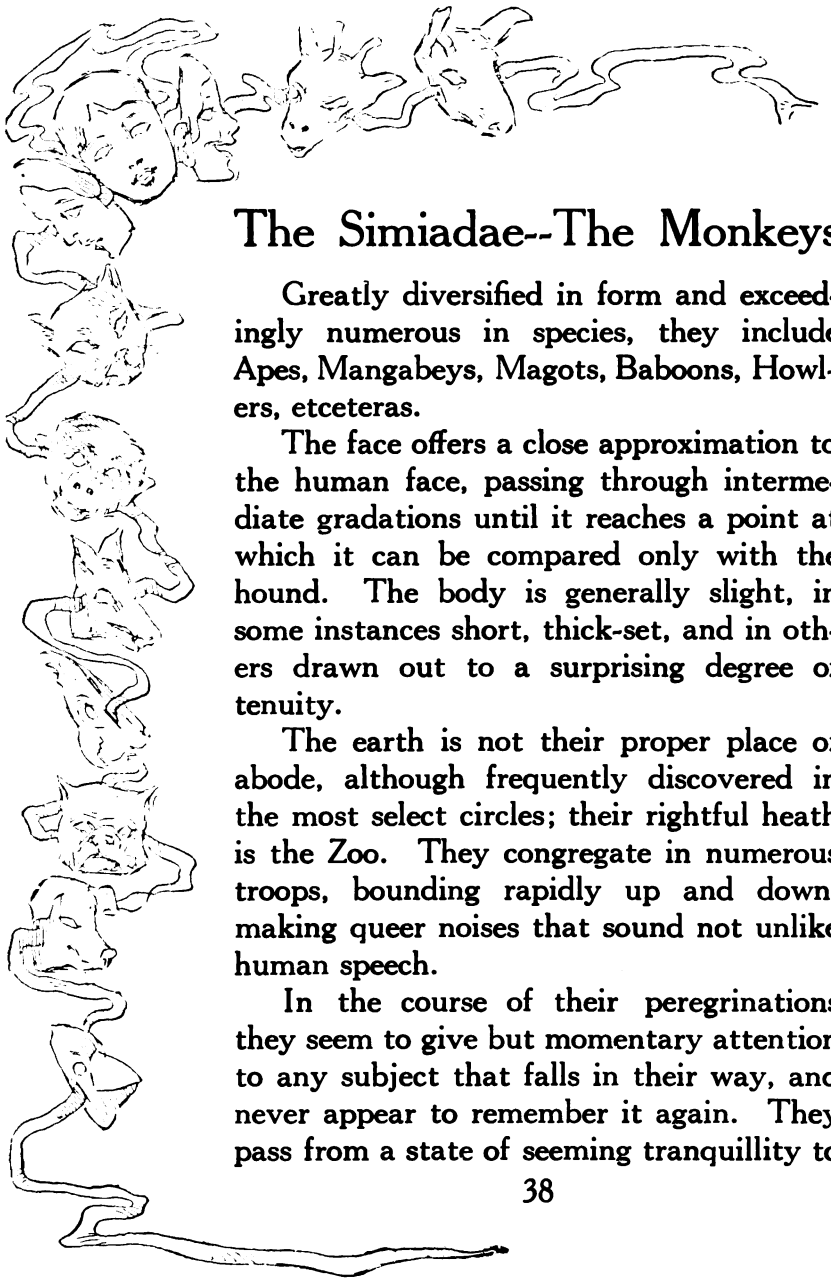
The plain old Bum could hardly be included here, but the "Grafter heart" is hard to cure, and frequently develops into Bumitis.



The Grafter

See the Grafter groveling by
The lust for something in his eye;
Real work he thinks is much too tame
Unless he is working his little game.

Something for nothing is his song,
Pursued and followed all day long,
Shading a note, perhaps a loan,
Free lunch, free booze, two bits if thrown,
How long, Oh God, how long, how long!



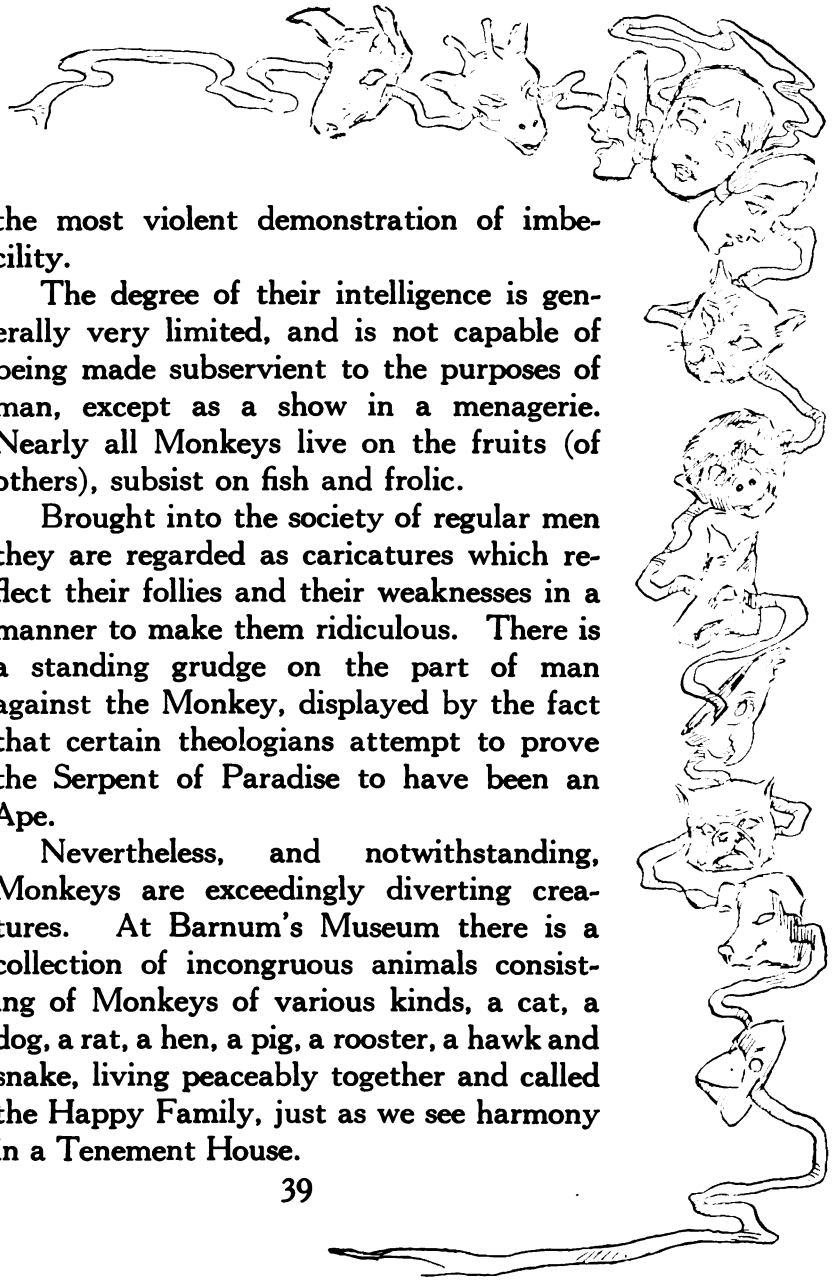
The Simiadae--The Monkeys

Greatly diversified in form and exceedingly numerous in species, they include Apes, Mangabeys, Magots, Baboons, Howlers, etceteras.

The face offers a close approximation to the human face, passing through intermediate gradations until it reaches a point at which it can be compared only with the hound. The body is generally slight, in some instances short, thick-set, and in others drawn out to a surprising degree of tenuity.

The earth is not their proper place of abode, although frequently discovered in the most select circles; their rightful heath is the Zoo. They congregate in numerous troops, bounding rapidly up and down, making queer noises that sound not unlike human speech.

In the course of their peregrinations they seem to give but momentary attention to any subject that falls in their way, and never appear to remember it again. They pass from a state of seeming tranquillity to

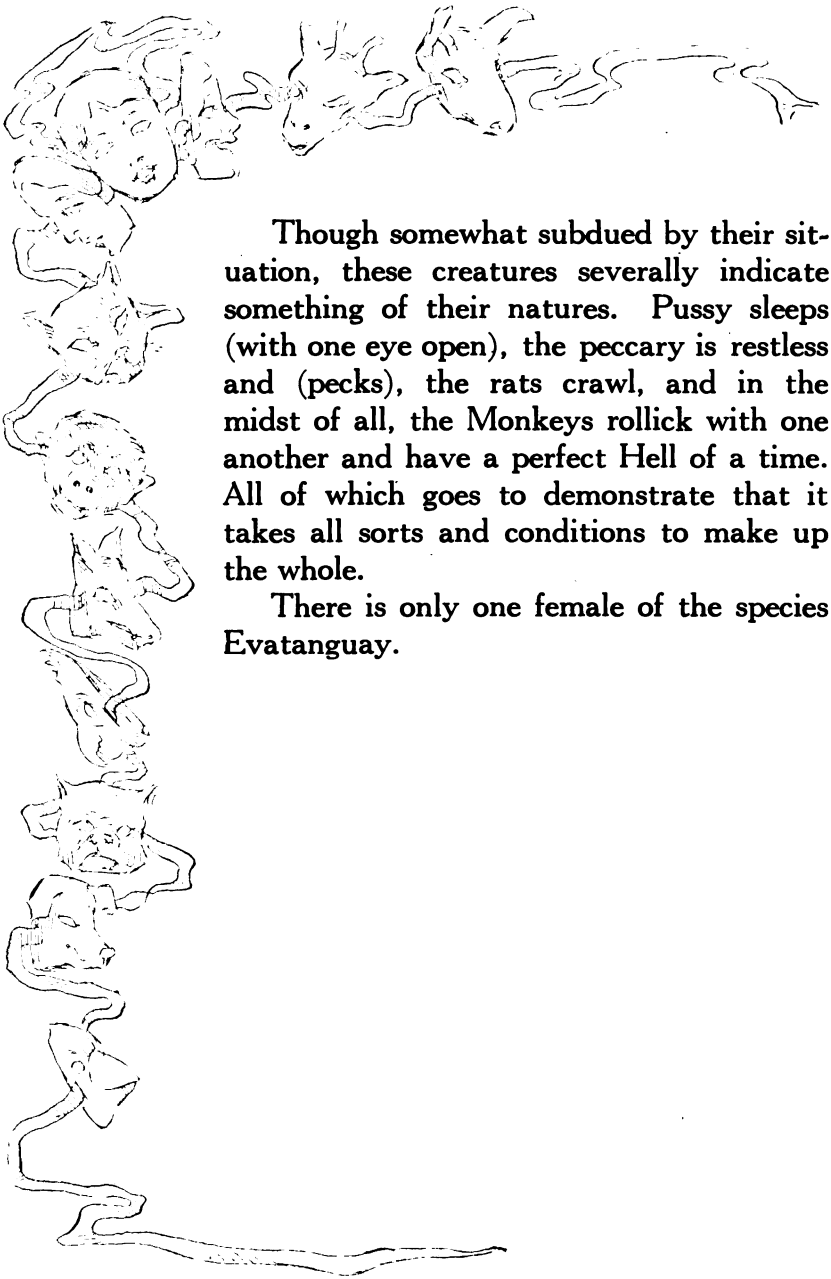


the most violent demonstration of imbecility.

The degree of their intelligence is generally very limited, and is not capable of being made subservient to the purposes of man, except as a show in a menagerie. Nearly all Monkeys live on the fruits (of others), subsist on fish and frolic.

Brought into the society of regular men they are regarded as caricatures which reflect their follies and their weaknesses in a manner to make them ridiculous. There is a standing grudge on the part of man against the Monkey, displayed by the fact that certain theologians attempt to prove the Serpent of Paradise to have been an Ape.

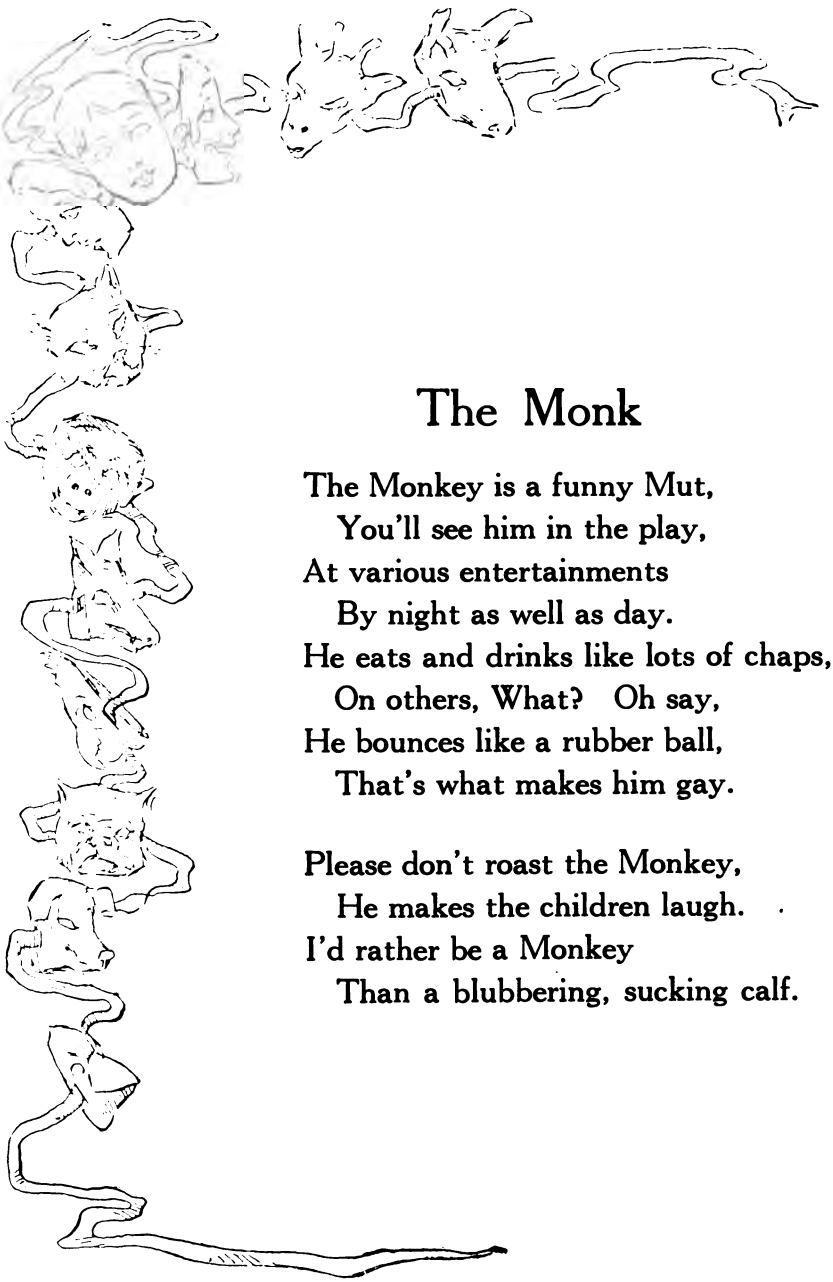
Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, Monkeys are exceedingly diverting creatures. At Barnum's Museum there is a collection of incongruous animals consisting of Monkeys of various kinds, a cat, a dog, a rat, a hen, a pig, a rooster, a hawk and snake, living peaceably together and called the Happy Family, just as we see harmony in a Tenement House.



Though somewhat subdued by their situation, these creatures severally indicate something of their natures. Pussy sleeps (with one eye open), the peccary is restless and (pecks), the rats crawl, and in the midst of all, the Monkeys rollick with one another and have a perfect Hell of a time. All of which goes to demonstrate that it takes all sorts and conditions to make up the whole.

There is only one female of the species Evatanguay.



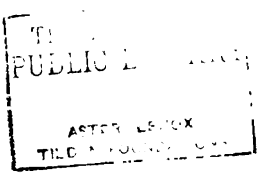


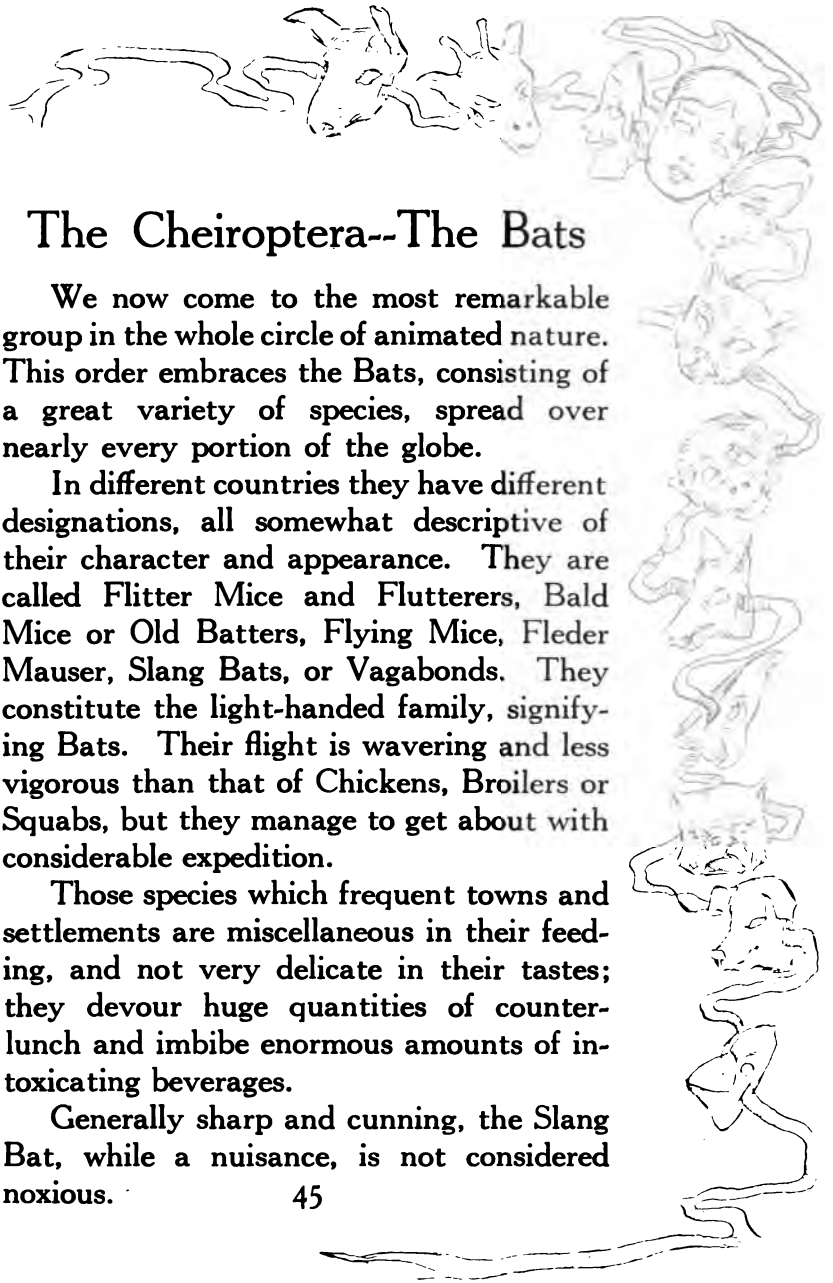
The Monk

The Monkey is a funny Mut,
You'll see him in the play,
At various entertainments
By night as well as day.
He eats and drinks like lots of chaps,
On others, What? Oh say,
He bounces like a rubber ball,
That's what makes him gay.

Please don't roast the Monkey,
He makes the children laugh.
I'd rather be a Monkey
Than a blubbering, sucking calf.




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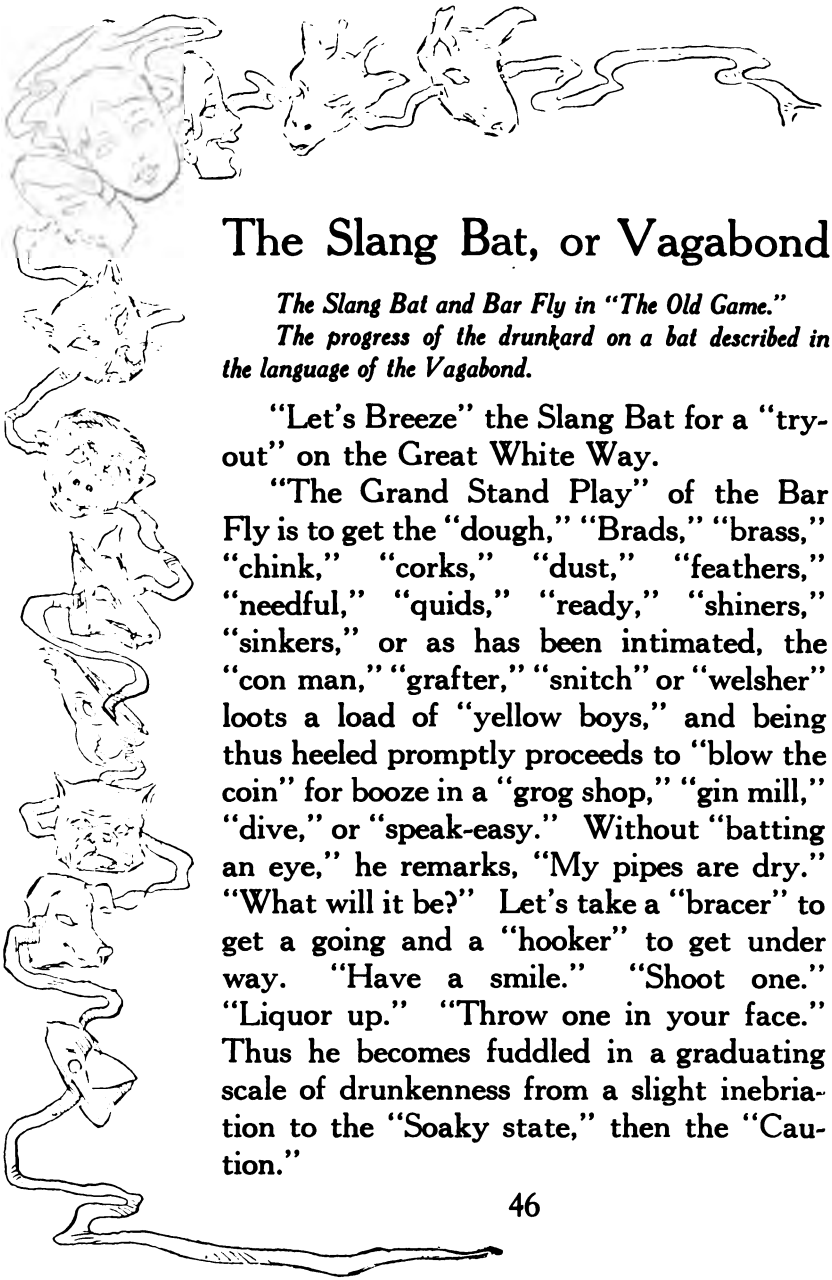
The Cheiroptera--The Bats

We now come to the most remarkable group in the whole circle of animated nature. This order embraces the Bats, consisting of a great variety of species, spread over nearly every portion of the globe.

In different countries they have different designations, all somewhat descriptive of their character and appearance. They are called Flitter Mice and Flutterers, Bald Mice or Old Batters, Flying Mice, Fleder Mauser, Slang Bats, or Vagabonds. They constitute the light-handed family, signifying Bats. Their flight is wavering and less vigorous than that of Chickens, Broilers or Squabs, but they manage to get about with considerable expedition.

Those species which frequent towns and settlements are miscellaneous in their feeding, and not very delicate in their tastes; they devour huge quantities of counter-lunch and imbibe enormous amounts of intoxicating beverages.

Generally sharp and cunning, the Slang Bat, while a nuisance, is not considered noxious.

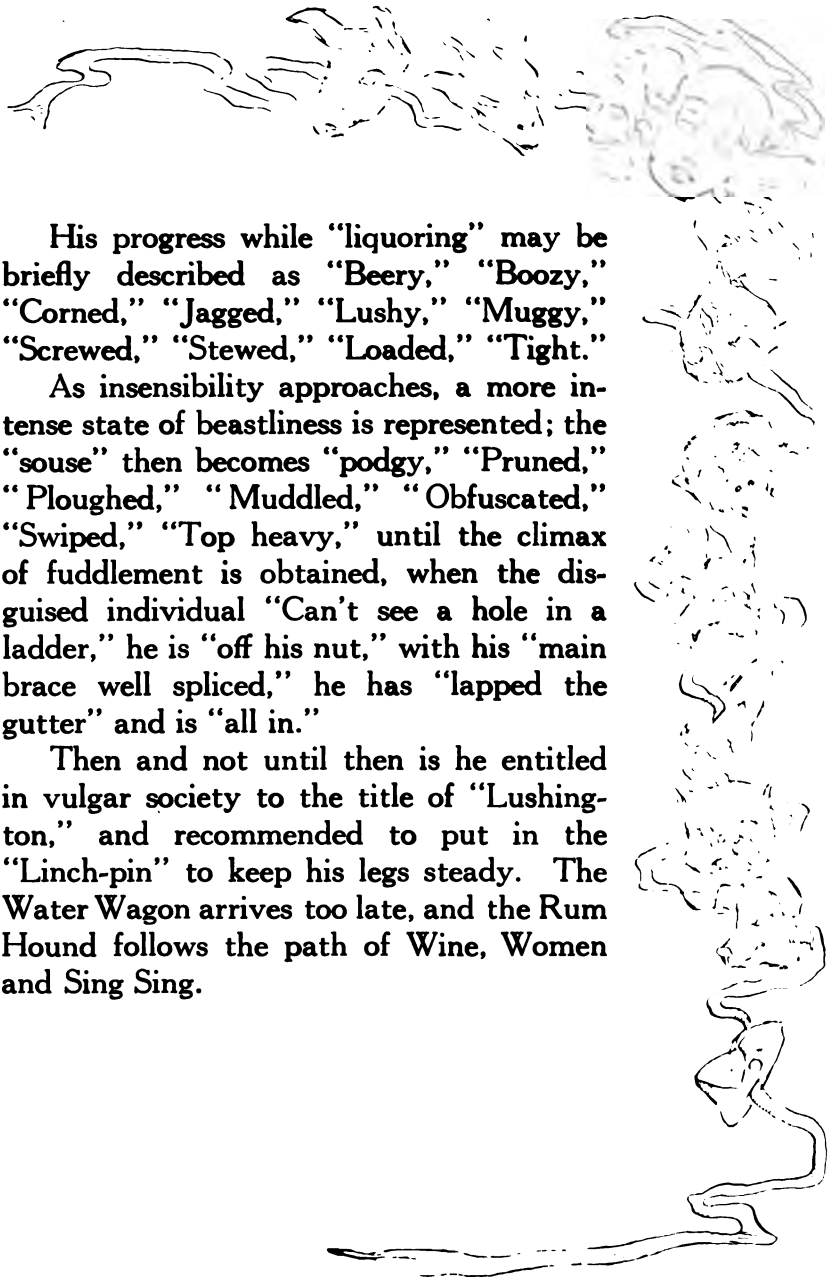


The Slang Bat, or Vagabond

The Slang Bat and Bar Fly in "The Old Game."
The progress of the drunkard on a bat described in the language of the Vagabond.

"Let's Breeze" the Slang Bat for a "try-out" on the Great White Way.

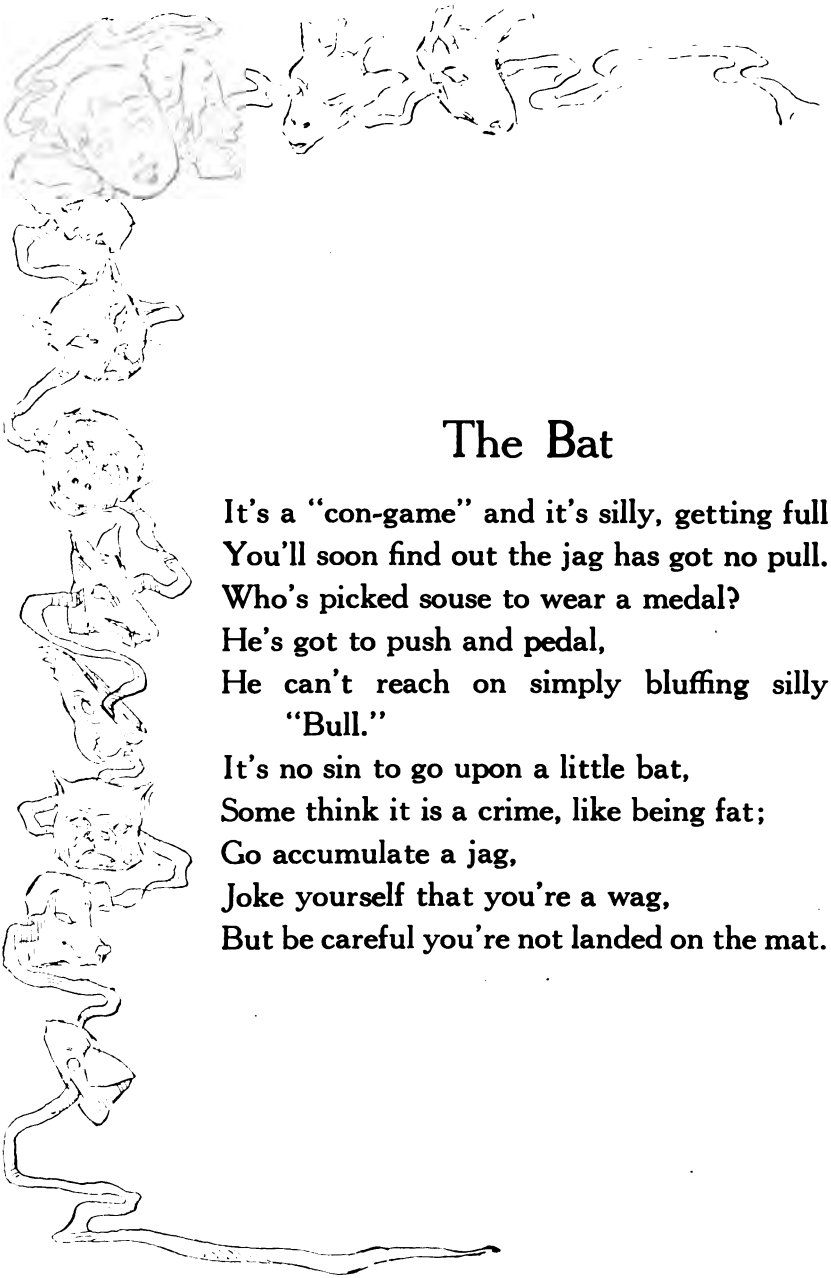
"The Grand Stand Play" of the Bar Fly is to get the "dough," "Brads," "brass," "chink," "corks," "dust," "feathers," "needful," "quids," "ready," "shiners," "sinkers," or as has been intimated, the "con man," "grafter," "snitch" or "welsher" loots a load of "yellow boys," and being thus heeled promptly proceeds to "blow the coin" for booze in a "grog shop," "gin mill," "dive," or "speak-easy." Without "batting an eye," he remarks, "My pipes are dry." "What will it be?" Let's take a "bracer" to get a going and a "hooker" to get under way. "Have a smile." "Shoot one." "Liquor up." "Throw one in your face." Thus he becomes fuddled in a graduating scale of drunkenness from a slight inebriation to the "Soaky state," then the "Caution."



His progress while "liquoring" may be briefly described as "Beery," "Boozy," "Corned," "Jagged," "Lushy," "Muggy," "Screwed," "Stewed," "Loaded," "Tight."

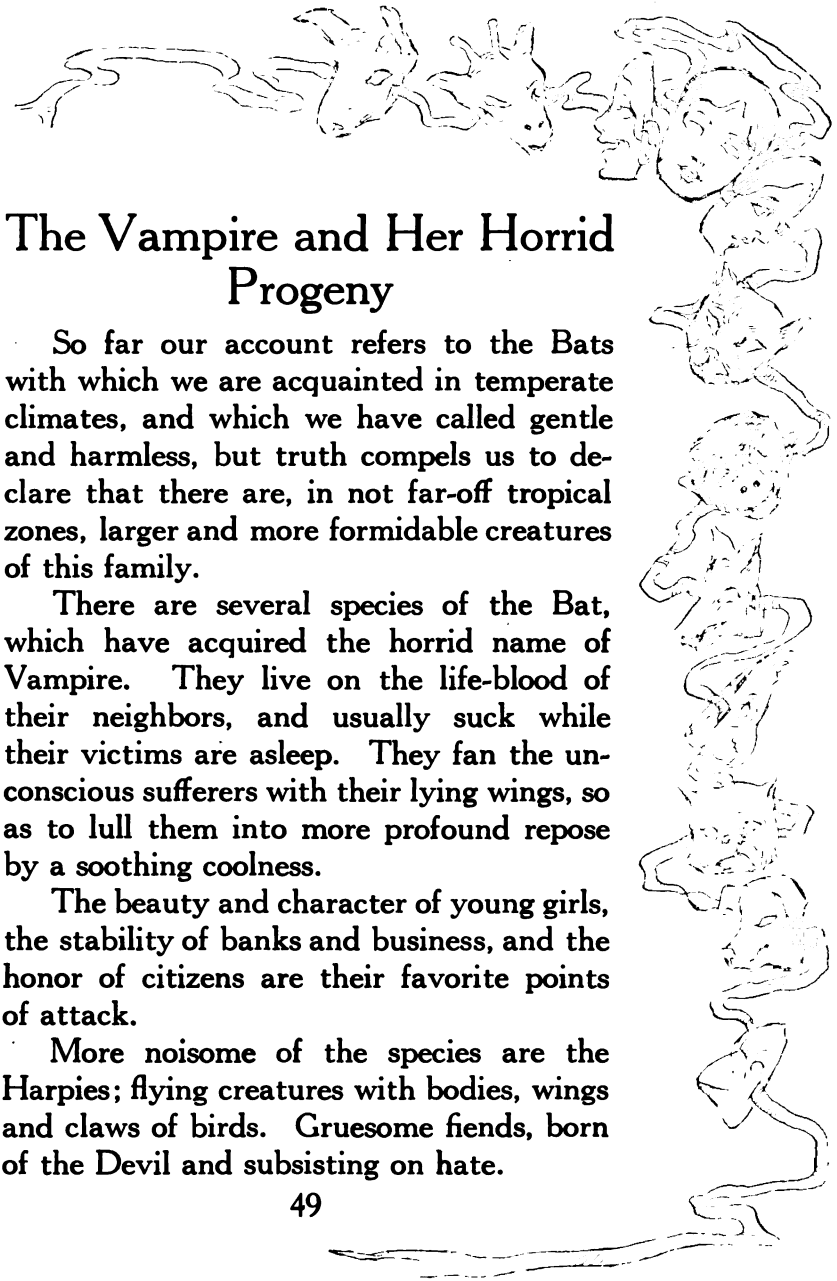
As insensibility approaches, a more intense state of beastliness is represented; the "souse" then becomes "podgy," "Pruned," "Ploughed," "Muddled," "Obfuscated," "Swiped," "Top heavy," until the climax of fuddlement is obtained, when the disguised individual "Can't see a hole in a ladder," he is "off his nut," with his "main brace well spliced," he has "lapped the gutter" and is "all in."

Then and not until then is he entitled in vulgar society to the title of "Lushington," and recommended to put in the "Linch-pin" to keep his legs steady. The Water Wagon arrives too late, and the Rum Hound follows the path of Wine, Women and Sing Sing.



The Bat

It's a "con-game" and it's silly, getting full
You'll soon find out the jag has got no pull.
Who's picked souse to wear a medal?
He's got to push and pedal,
He can't reach on simply bluffing silly
"Bull."
It's no sin to go upon a little bat,
Some think it is a crime, like being fat;
Go accumulate a jag,
Joke yourself that you're a wag,
But be careful you're not landed on the mat.



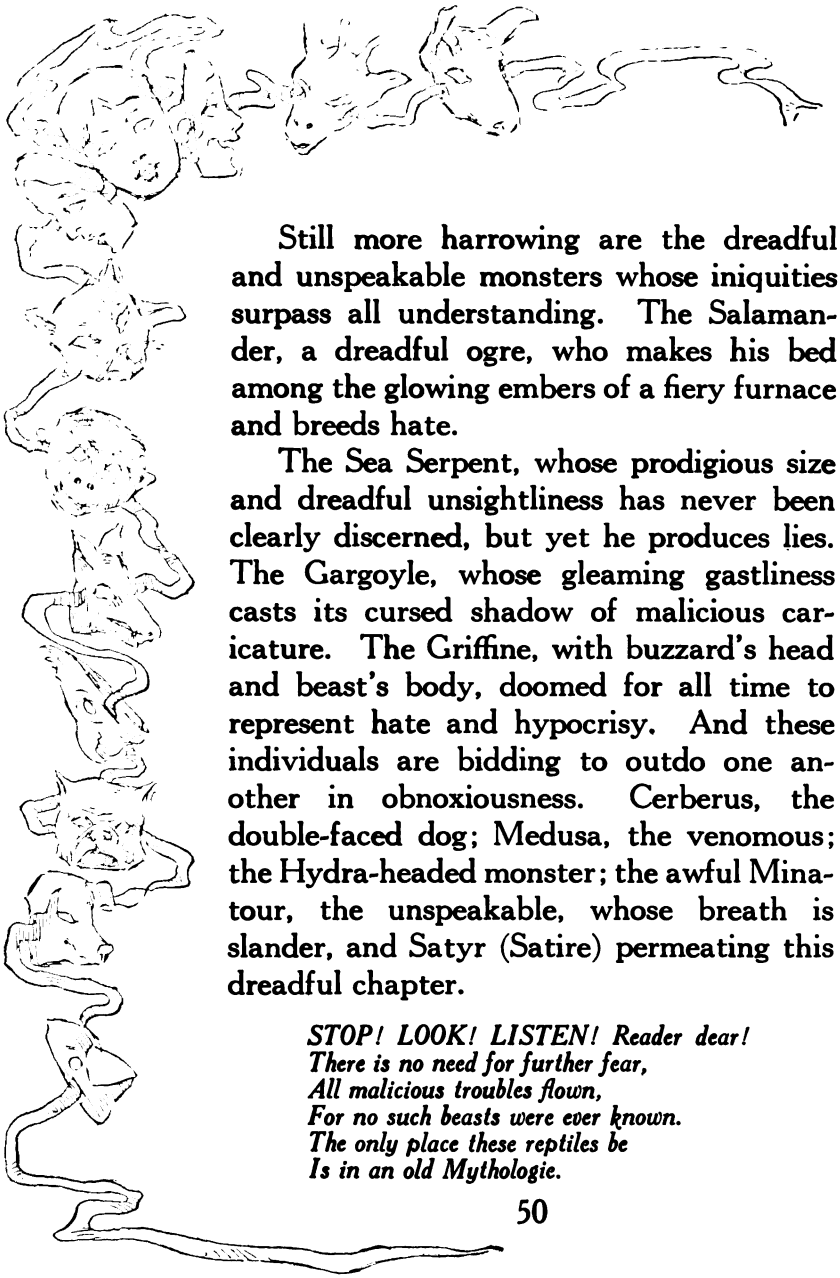
The Vampire and Her Horrid Progeny

So far our account refers to the Bats with which we are acquainted in temperate climates, and which we have called gentle and harmless, but truth compels us to declare that there are, in not far-off tropical zones, larger and more formidable creatures of this family.

There are several species of the Bat, which have acquired the horrid name of Vampire. They live on the life-blood of their neighbors, and usually suck while their victims are asleep. They fan the unconscious sufferers with their lying wings, so as to lull them into more profound repose by a soothing coolness.

The beauty and character of young girls, the stability of banks and business, and the honor of citizens are their favorite points of attack.

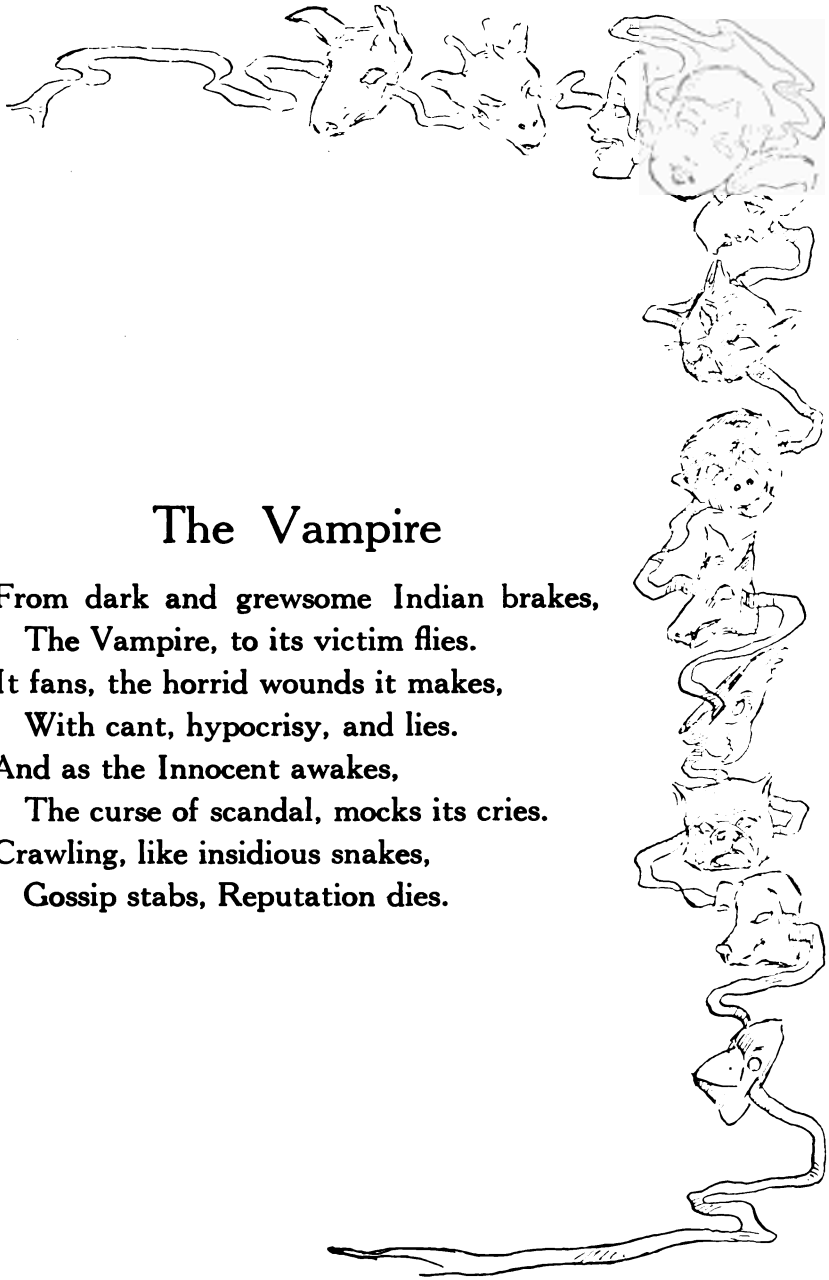
More noisome of the species are the Harpies; flying creatures with bodies, wings and claws of birds. Gruesome fiends, born of the Devil and subsisting on hate.



Still more harrowing are the dreadful and unspeakable monsters whose iniquities surpass all understanding. The Salamander, a dreadful ogre, who makes his bed among the glowing embers of a fiery furnace and breeds hate.

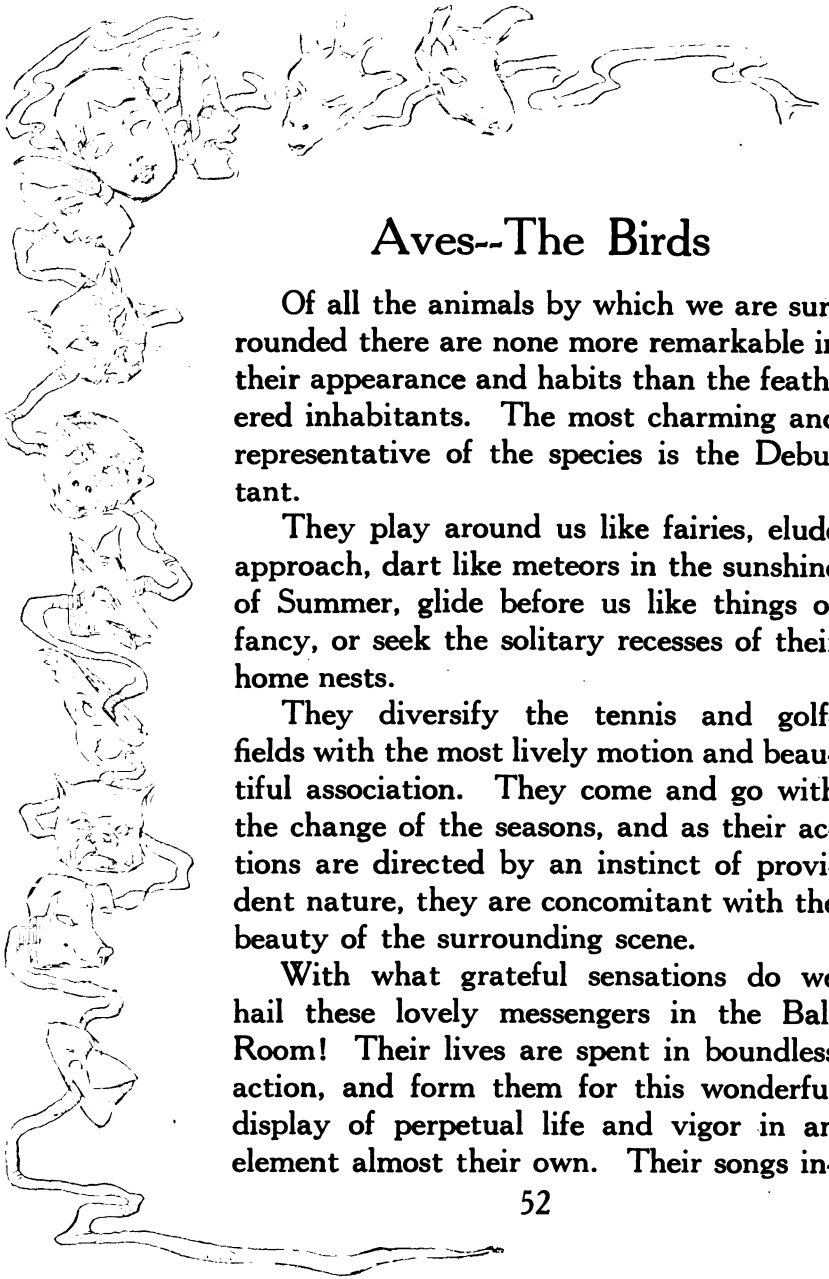
The Sea Serpent, whose prodigious size and dreadful unsightliness has never been clearly discerned, but yet he produces lies. The Gargoyle, whose gleaming gastliness casts its cursed shadow of malicious caricature. The Griffine, with buzzard's head and beast's body, doomed for all time to represent hate and hypocrisy. And these individuals are bidding to outdo one another in obnoxiousness. Cerberus, the double-faced dog; Medusa, the venomous; the Hydra-headed monster; the awful Minatour, the unspeakable, whose breath is slander, and Satyr (Satire) permeating this dreadful chapter.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Reader dear!
There is no need for further fear,
All malicious troubles flown,
For no such beasts were ever known.
The only place these reptiles be
Is in an old Mythologie.



The Vampire

From dark and grewsome Indian brakes,
The Vampire, to its victim flies.
It fans, the horrid wounds it makes,
With cant, hypocrisy, and lies.
And as the Innocent awakes,
The curse of scandal, mocks its cries.
Crawling, like insidious snakes,
Gossip stabs, Reputation dies.



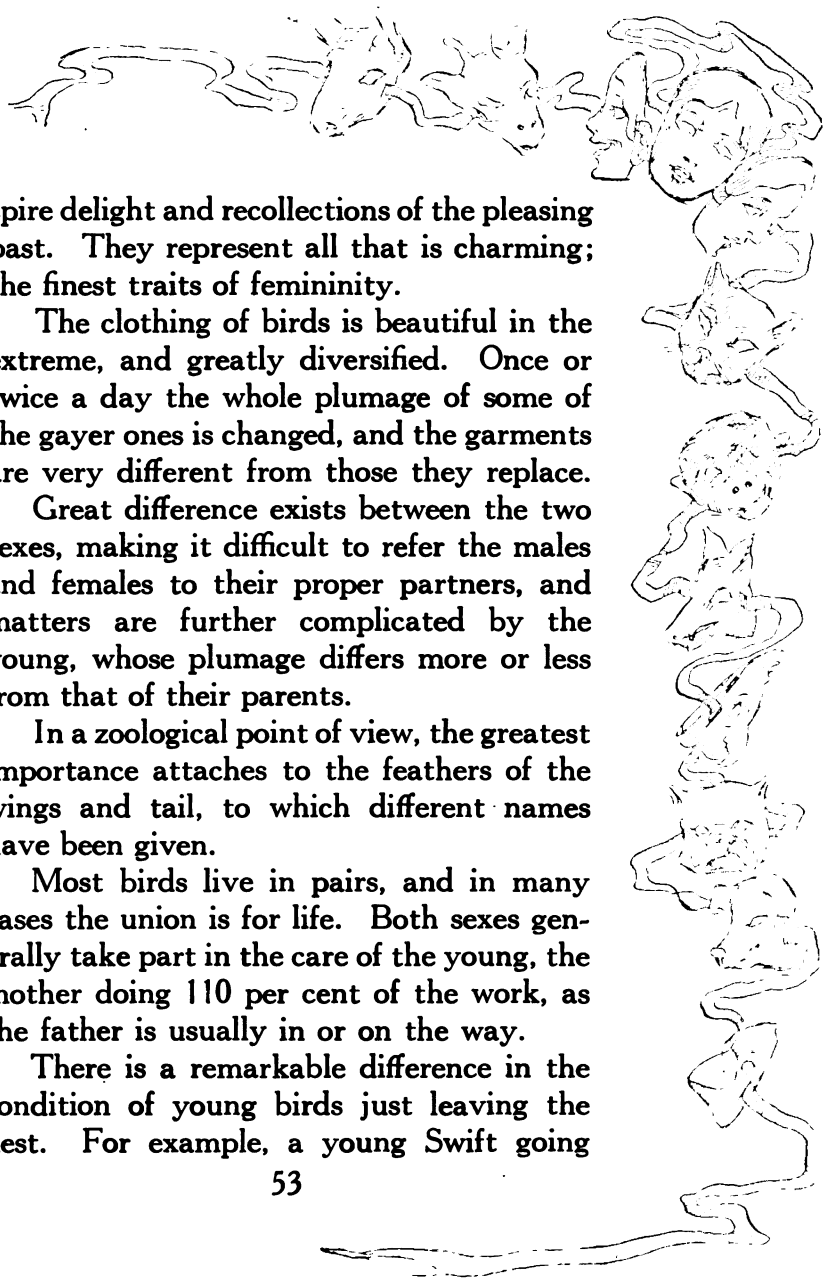
Aves--The Birds

Of all the animals by which we are surrounded there are none more remarkable in their appearance and habits than the feathered inhabitants. The most charming and representative of the species is the Debutant.

They play around us like fairies, elude approach, dart like meteors in the sunshine of Summer, glide before us like things of fancy, or seek the solitary recesses of their home nests.

They diversify the tennis and golf-fields with the most lively motion and beautiful association. They come and go with the change of the seasons, and as their actions are directed by an instinct of provident nature, they are concomitant with the beauty of the surrounding scene.

With what grateful sensations do we hail these lovely messengers in the Ball Room! Their lives are spent in boundless action, and form them for this wonderful display of perpetual life and vigor in an element almost their own. Their songs in-



spire delight and recollections of the pleasing past. They represent all that is charming; the finest traits of femininity.

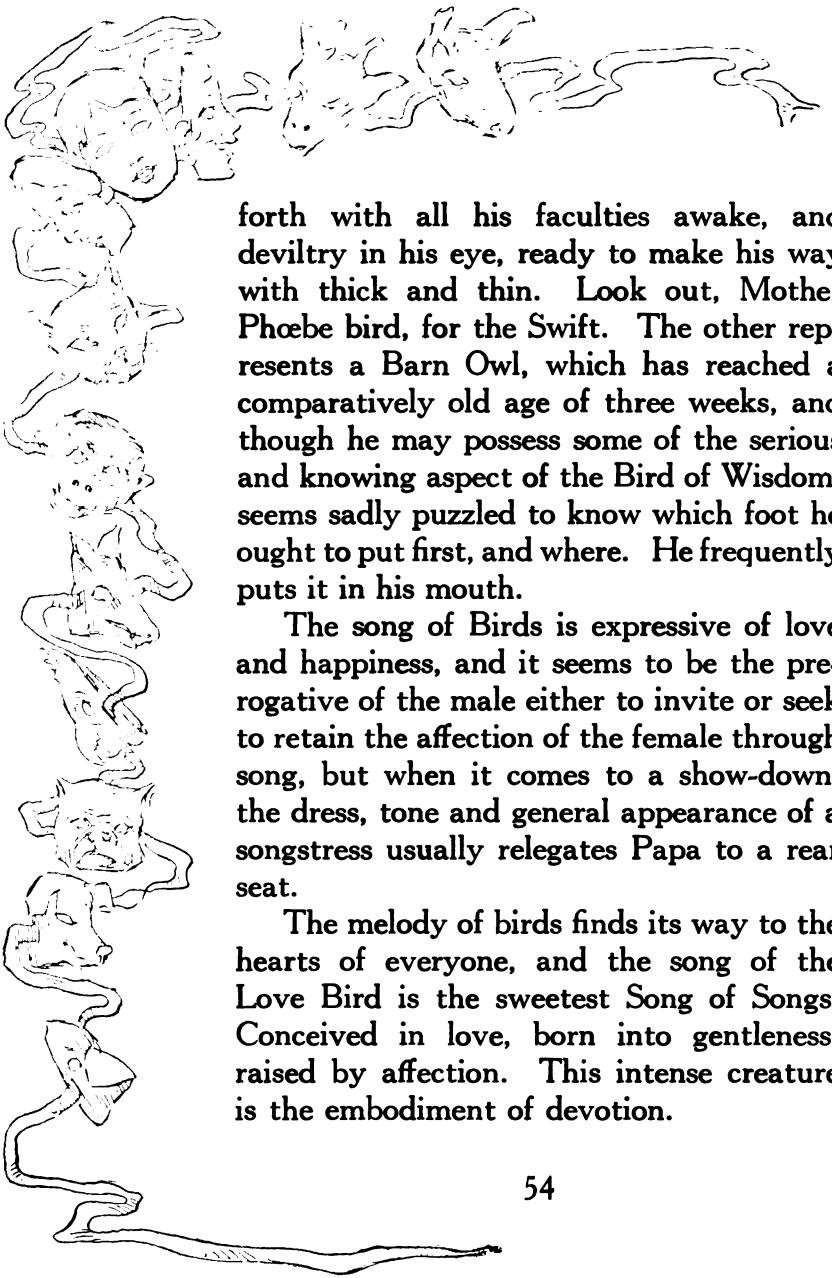
The clothing of birds is beautiful in the extreme, and greatly diversified. Once or twice a day the whole plumage of some of the gayer ones is changed, and the garments are very different from those they replace.

Great difference exists between the two sexes, making it difficult to refer the males and females to their proper partners, and matters are further complicated by the young, whose plumage differs more or less from that of their parents.

In a zoological point of view, the greatest importance attaches to the feathers of the wings and tail, to which different names have been given.

Most birds live in pairs, and in many cases the union is for life. Both sexes generally take part in the care of the young, the mother doing 110 per cent of the work, as the father is usually in or on the way.

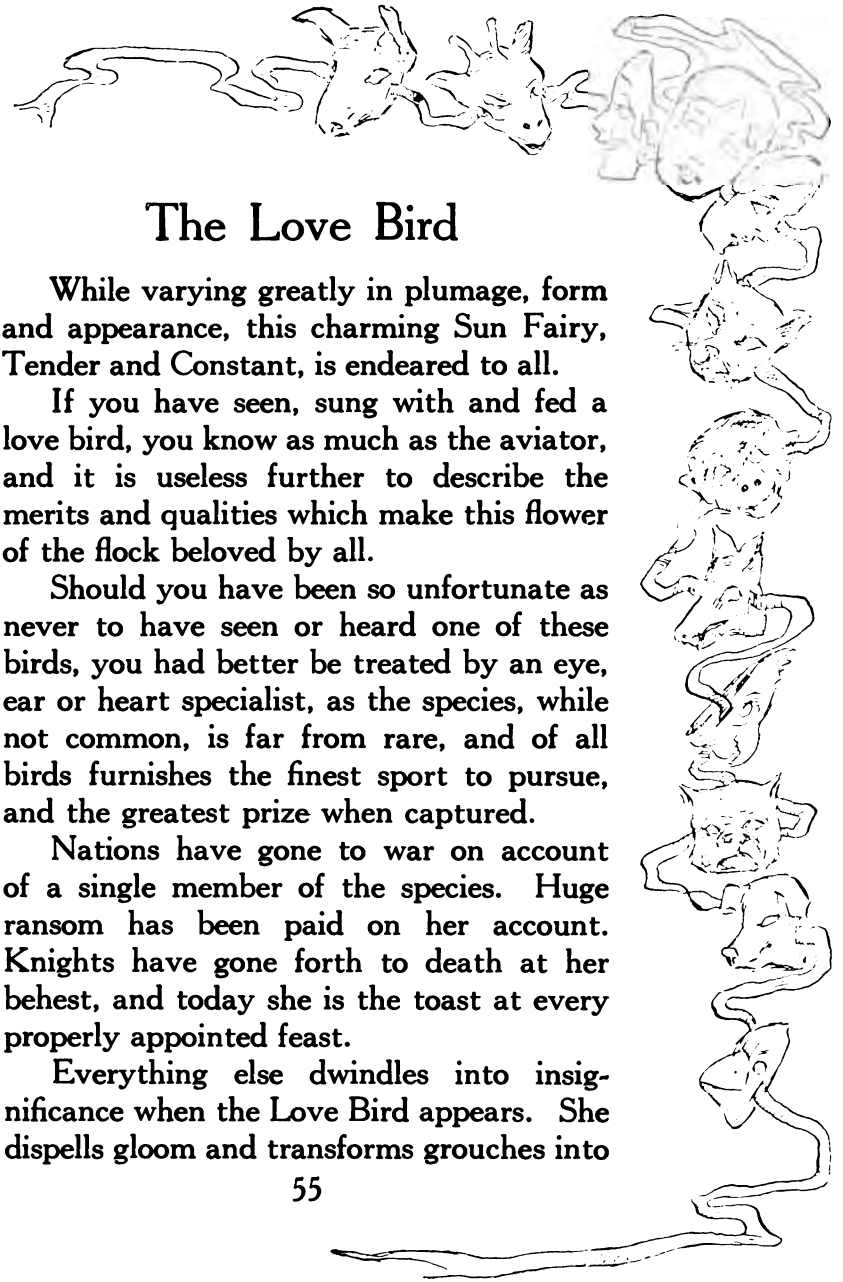
There is a remarkable difference in the condition of young birds just leaving the nest. For example, a young Swift going



forth with all his faculties awake, and deviltry in his eye, ready to make his way with thick and thin. Look out, Mother Phœbe bird, for the Swift. The other represents a Barn Owl, which has reached a comparatively old age of three weeks, and though he may possess some of the serious and knowing aspect of the Bird of Wisdom, seems sadly puzzled to know which foot he ought to put first, and where. He frequently puts it in his mouth.

The song of Birds is expressive of love and happiness, and it seems to be the prerogative of the male either to invite or seek to retain the affection of the female through song, but when it comes to a show-down, the dress, tone and general appearance of a songstress usually relegates Papa to a rear seat.

The melody of birds finds its way to the hearts of everyone, and the song of the Love Bird is the sweetest Song of Songs. Conceived in love, born into gentleness, raised by affection. This intense creature is the embodiment of devotion.



The Love Bird

While varying greatly in plumage, form and appearance, this charming Sun Fairy, Tender and Constant, is endeared to all.

If you have seen, sung with and fed a love bird, you know as much as the aviator, and it is useless further to describe the merits and qualities which make this flower of the flock beloved by all.

Should you have been so unfortunate as never to have seen or heard one of these birds, you had better be treated by an eye, ear or heart specialist, as the species, while not common, is far from rare, and of all birds furnishes the finest sport to pursue, and the greatest prize when captured.

Nations have gone to war on account of a single member of the species. Huge ransom has been paid on her account. Knights have gone forth to death at her behest, and today she is the toast at every properly appointed feast.

Everything else dwindles into insignificance when the Love Bird appears. She dispells gloom and transforms grouches into

gushers, teardrops into sunny dew. Affection, devotion, tenderness and love burst gladly forth at her magic touch.

The Fairies have given another name to the "Love Bird."

This bird which mingles with the Myriads of Birds that fly through the sky, and which bring to us the secret of happiness most desired is called by them "The Blue Bird."



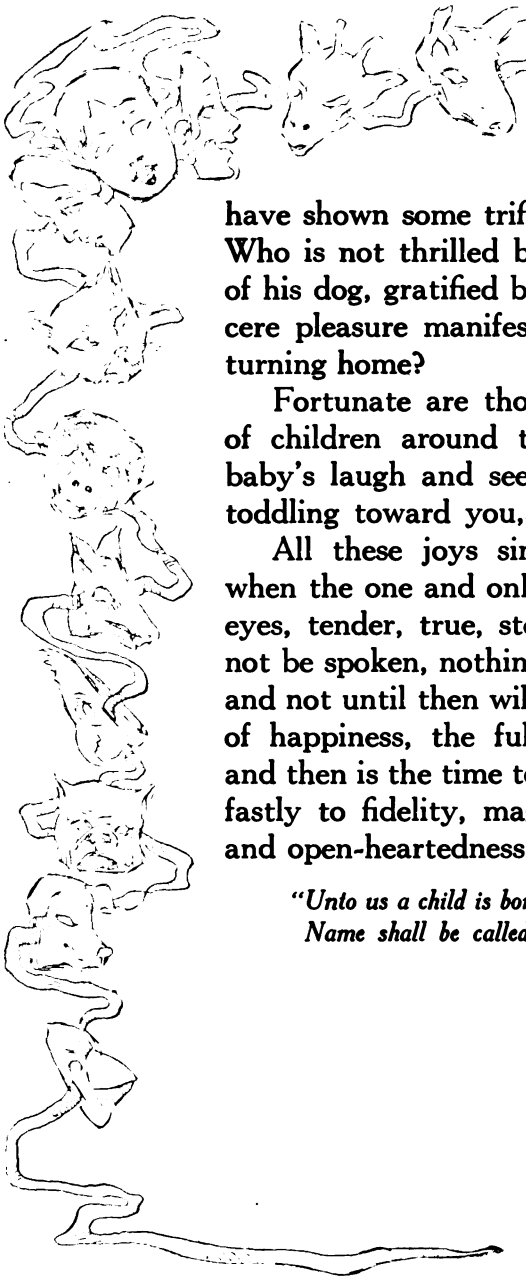
The Secret of the Love Bird--Kindness

Pause just a moment, and eliminate from your consciousness all unpleasant thoughts and unkindly feelings that may have been aroused through any disagreeable suggestions, no matter how they chanced to occur.

The Road to Happiness is attained by the generous distribution of the Milk of Human Kindness.

Success, achievement, wealth, prominence, are only worth while when shared by your friends. No matter how large you can spell Success, it gains you little satisfaction if your accomplishment is not sincerely enjoyed by many. When surrounded by friends and loved ones, if you are fortunate in this acquisition of a generous disposition and charming personality, what a joy it is to be able to give them cheer, comfort, pleasure and satisfaction.

Who does not feel better for the "God Bless You" from an old lady to whom you



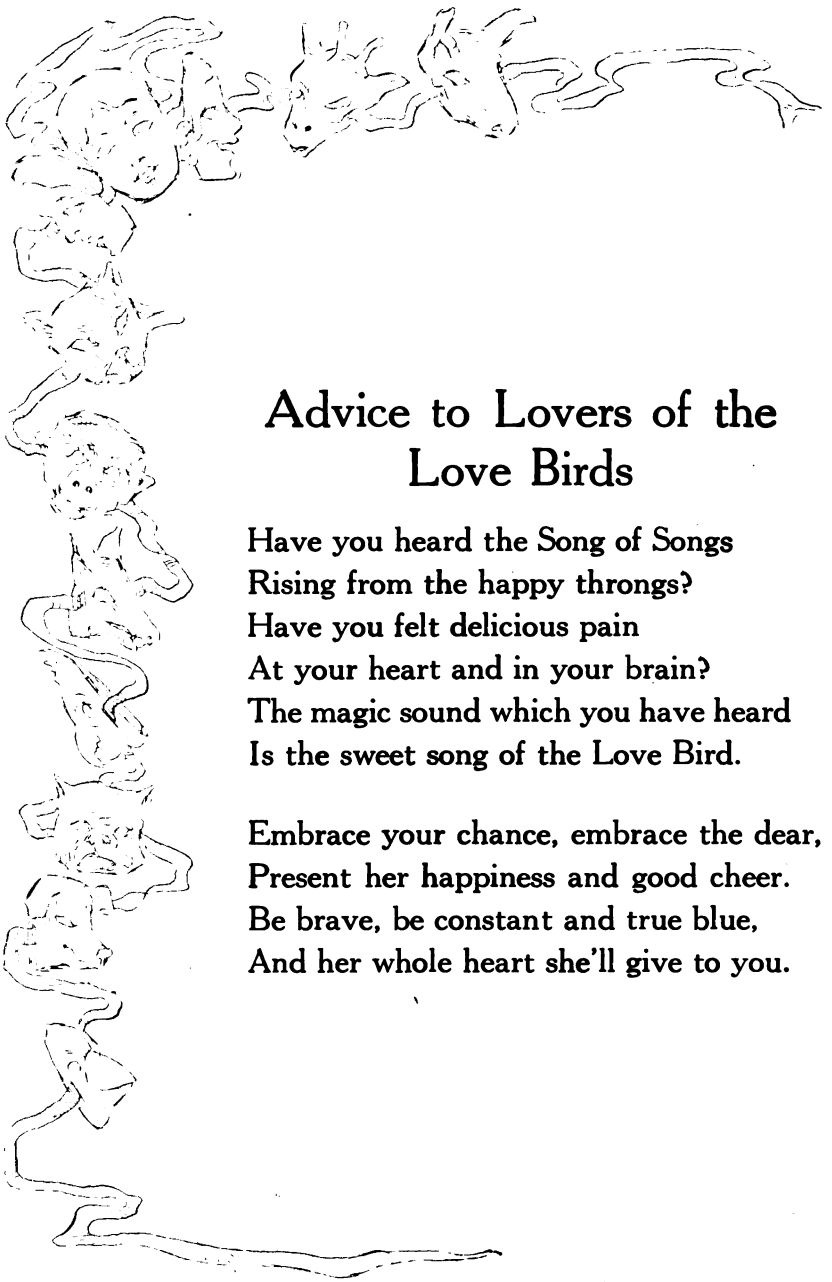
have shown some trifling kindly attention? Who is not thrilled by the joyous barking of his dog, gratified by the evidence of sincere pleasure manifested by him upon returning home?

Fortunate are those who feel the arms of children around their necks, hear the baby's laugh and see the wonderful mites toddling toward you, happy and unafraid.

All these joys sink into insignificance when the one and only one looks into your eyes, tender, true, steadfast. Words need not be spoken, nothing else matters. Then and not until then will you know the excess of happiness, the full realization of love, and then is the time to unite yourself steadfastly to fidelity, magnanimous generosity and open-heartedness to all

"Unto us a child is born . . . and his Name shall be called Wonderful."



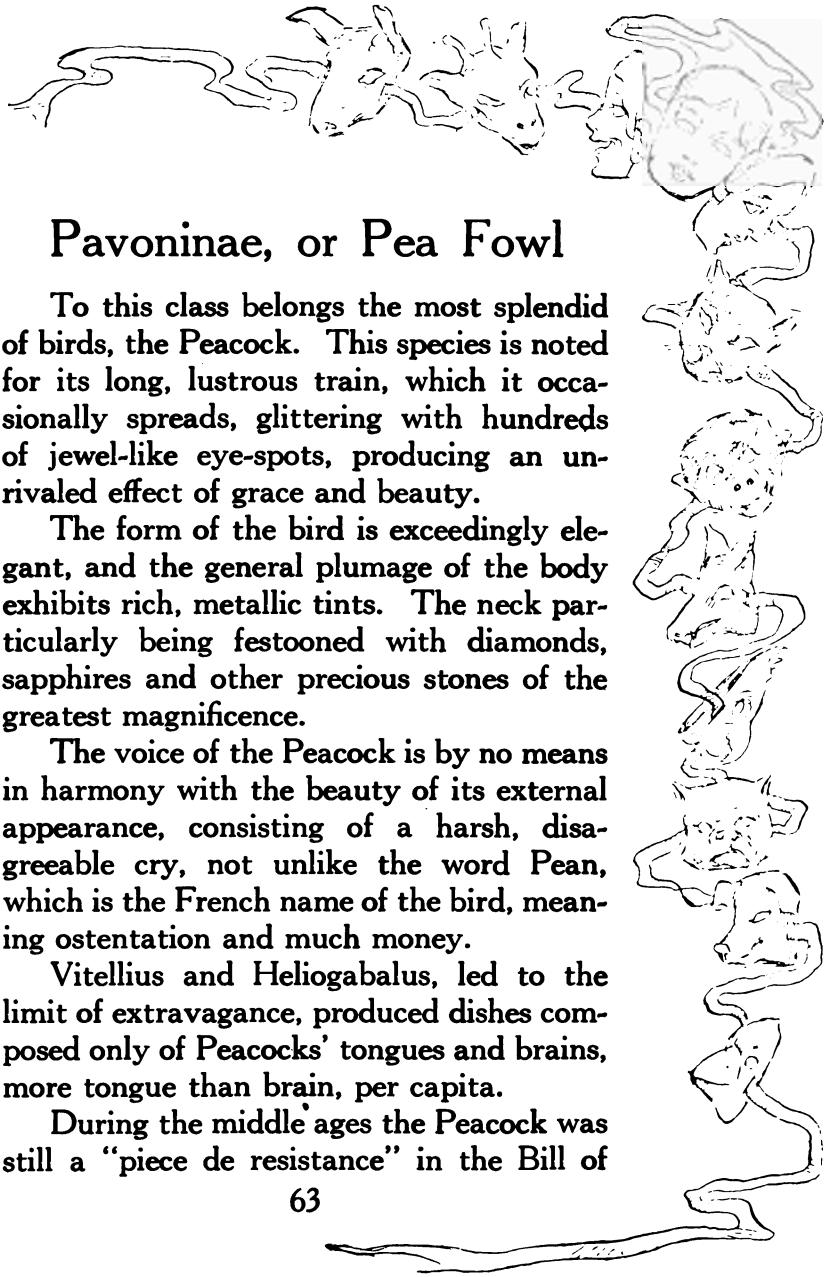


Advice to Lovers of the Love Birds

Have you heard the Song of Songs
Rising from the happy throngs?
Have you felt delicious pain
At your heart and in your brain?
The magic sound which you have heard
Is the sweet song of the Love Bird.

Embrace your chance, embrace the dear,
Present her happiness and good cheer.
Be brave, be constant and true blue,
And her whole heart she'll give to you.





Pavoninae, or Pea Fowl

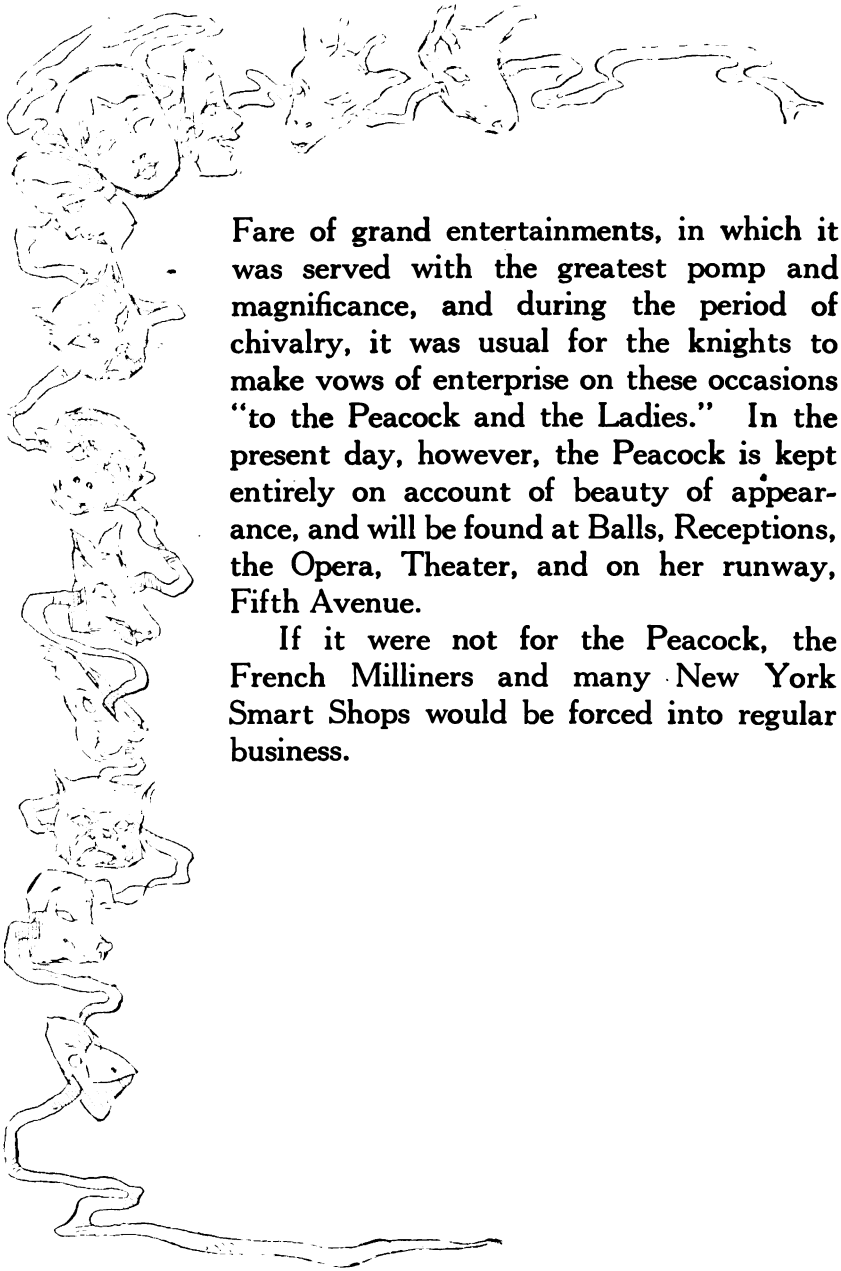
To this class belongs the most splendid of birds, the Peacock. This species is noted for its long, lustrous train, which it occasionally spreads, glittering with hundreds of jewel-like eye-spots, producing an unrivaled effect of grace and beauty.

The form of the bird is exceedingly elegant, and the general plumage of the body exhibits rich, metallic tints. The neck particularly being festooned with diamonds, sapphires and other precious stones of the greatest magnificence.

The voice of the Peacock is by no means in harmony with the beauty of its external appearance, consisting of a harsh, disagreeable cry, not unlike the word Pean, which is the French name of the bird, meaning ostentation and much money.

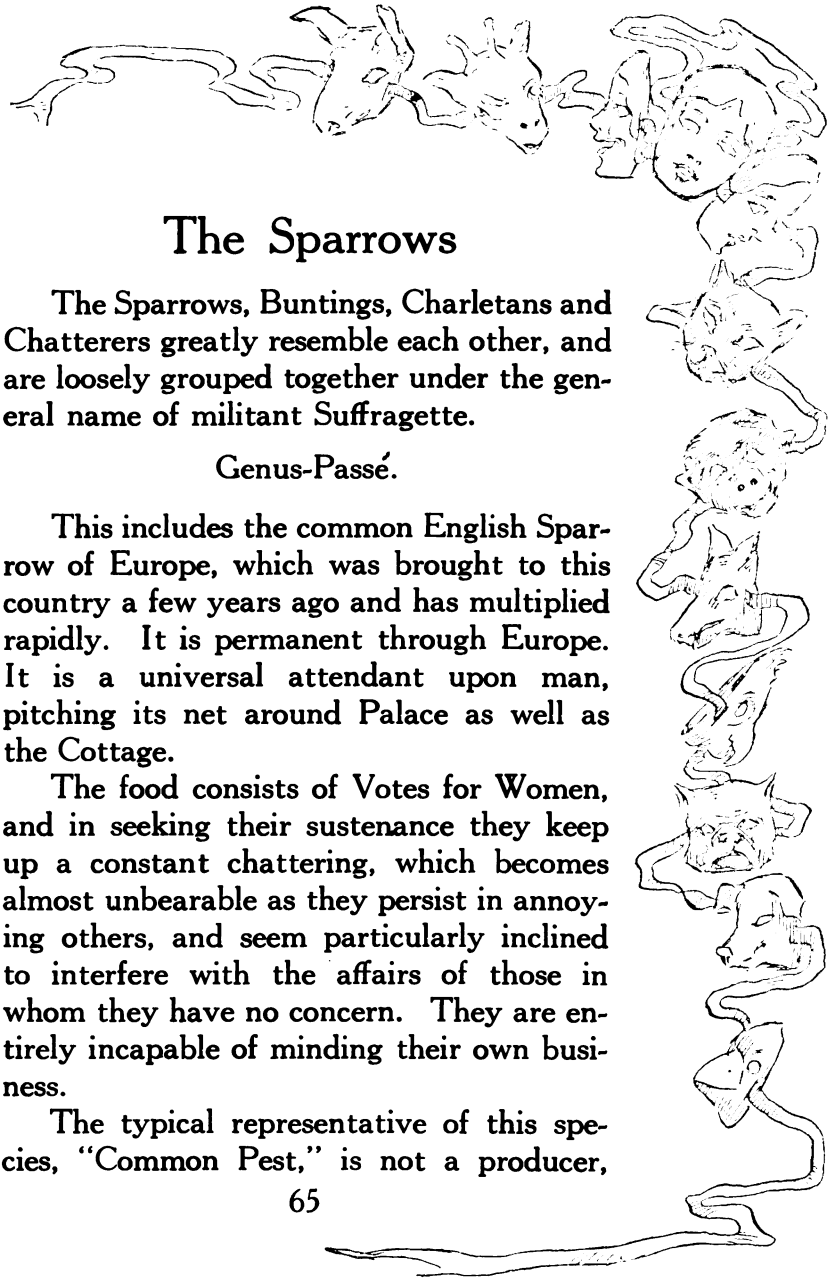
Vitellius and Heliogabalus, led to the limit of extravagance, produced dishes composed only of Peacocks' tongues and brains, more tongue than brain, per capita.

During the middle ages the Peacock was still a "piece de resistance" in the Bill of



Fare of grand entertainments, in which it was served with the greatest pomp and magnificance, and during the period of chivalry, it was usual for the knights to make vows of enterprise on these occasions "to the Peacock and the Ladies." In the present day, however, the Peacock is kept entirely on account of beauty of appearance, and will be found at Balls, Receptions, the Opera, Theater, and on her runway, Fifth Avenue.

If it were not for the Peacock, the French Milliners and many New York Smart Shops would be forced into regular business.



The Sparrows

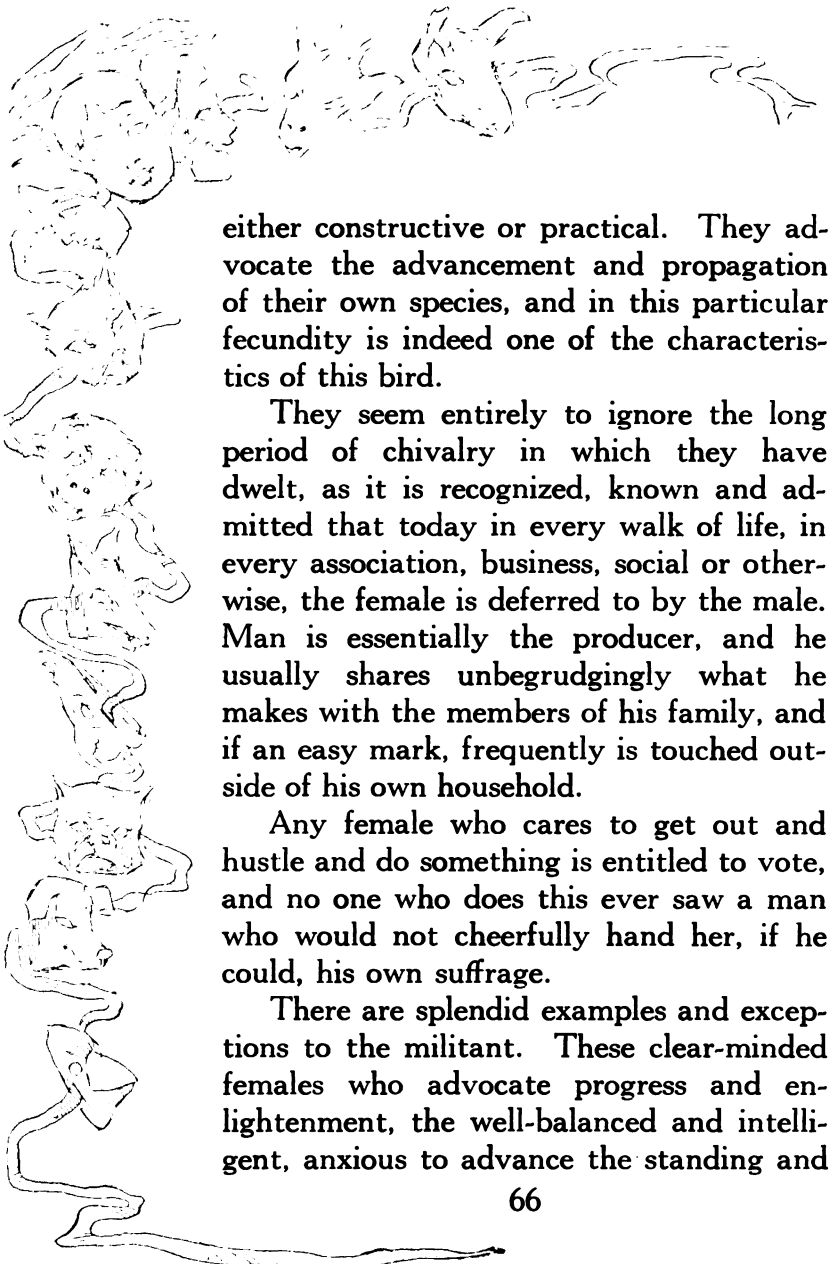
The Sparrows, Buntings, Charletans and Chatterers greatly resemble each other, and are loosely grouped together under the general name of militant Suffragette.

Genus-Passé.

This includes the common English Sparrow of Europe, which was brought to this country a few years ago and has multiplied rapidly. It is permanent through Europe. It is a universal attendant upon man, pitching its net around Palace as well as the Cottage.

The food consists of Votes for Women, and in seeking their sustenance they keep up a constant chattering, which becomes almost unbearable as they persist in annoying others, and seem particularly inclined to interfere with the affairs of those in whom they have no concern. They are entirely incapable of minding their own business.

The typical representative of this species, "Common Pest," is not a producer,

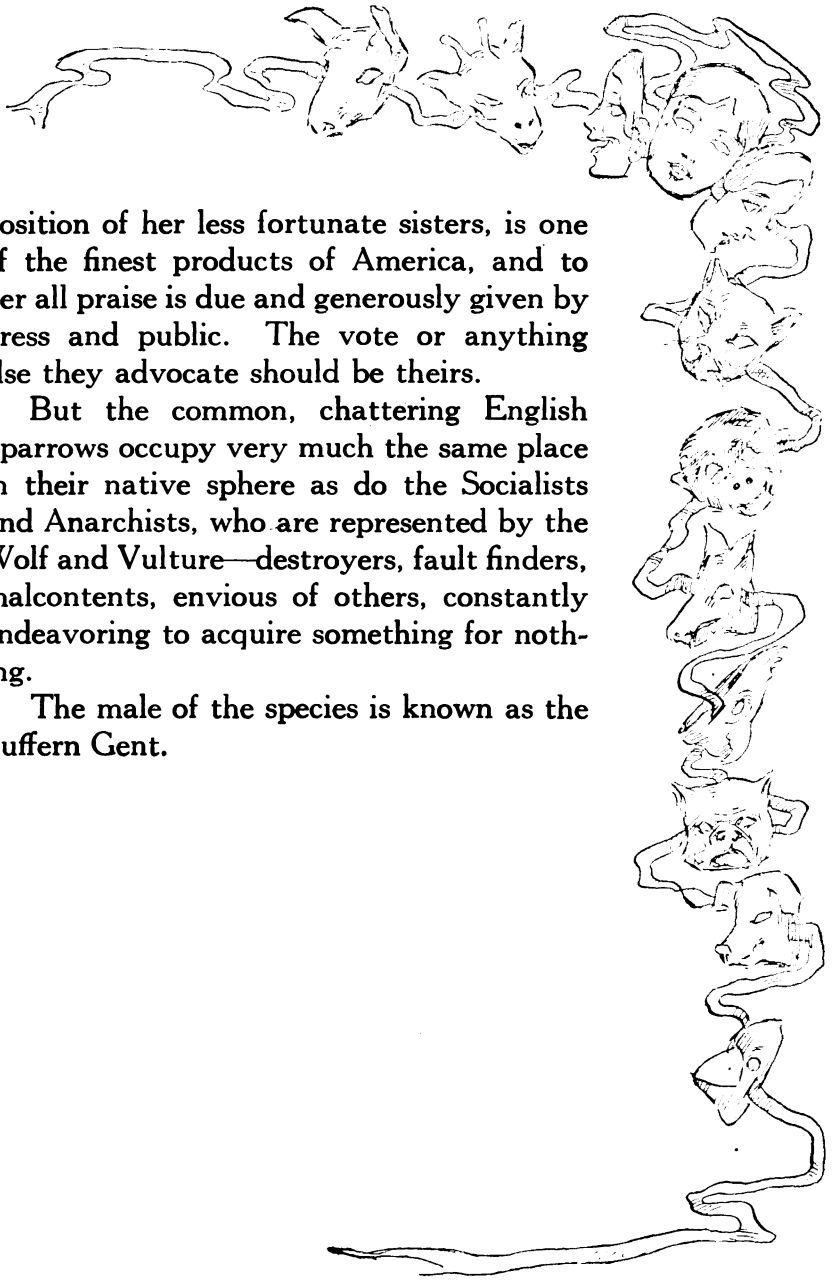


either constructive or practical. They advocate the advancement and propagation of their own species, and in this particular fecundity is indeed one of the characteristics of this bird.

They seem entirely to ignore the long period of chivalry in which they have dwelt, as it is recognized, known and admitted that today in every walk of life, in every association, business, social or otherwise, the female is deferred to by the male. Man is essentially the producer, and he usually shares unbegrudgingly what he makes with the members of his family, and if an easy mark, frequently is touched outside of his own household.

Any female who cares to get out and hustle and do something is entitled to vote, and no one who does this ever saw a man who would not cheerfully hand her, if he could, his own suffrage.

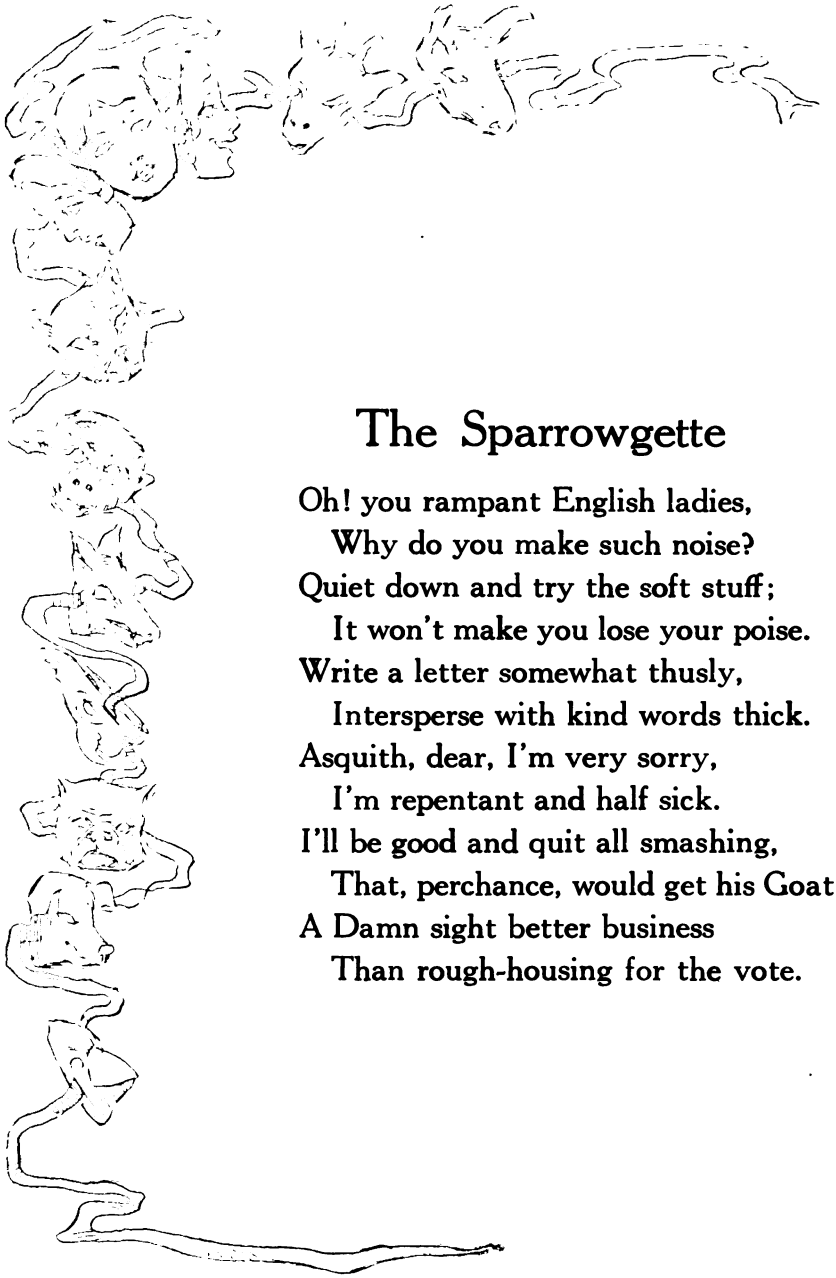
There are splendid examples and exceptions to the militant. These clear-minded females who advocate progress and enlightenment, the well-balanced and intelligent, anxious to advance the standing and



position of her less fortunate sisters, is one of the finest products of America, and to her all praise is due and generously given by press and public. The vote or anything else they advocate should be theirs.

But the common, chattering English Sparrows occupy very much the same place in their native sphere as do the Socialists and Anarchists, who are represented by the Wolf and Vulture—destroyers, fault finders, malcontents, envious of others, constantly endeavoring to acquire something for nothing.

The male of the species is known as the Suffern Gent.



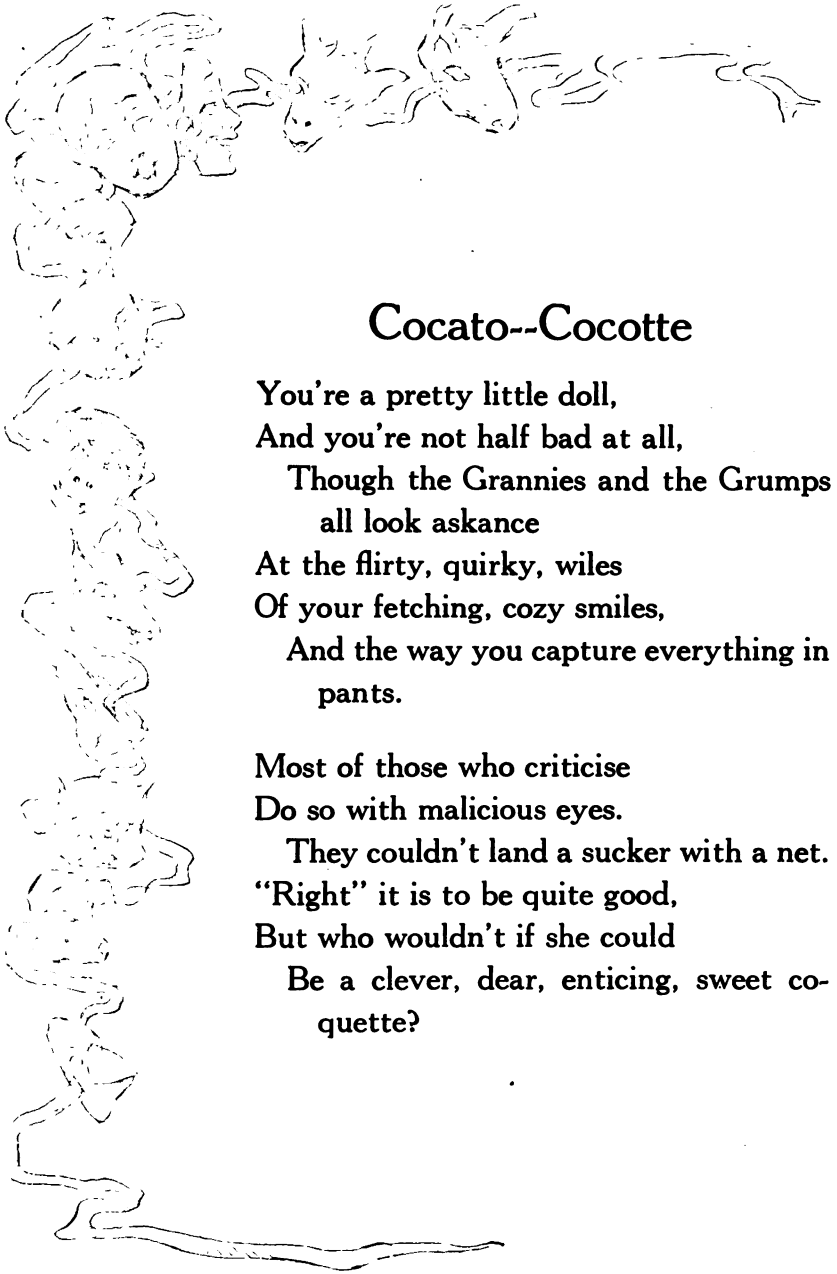
The Sparrowgette

Oh! you rampant English ladies,
 Why do you make such noise?
Quiet down and try the soft stuff;
 It won't make you lose your poise.
Write a letter somewhat thusly,
 Intersperse with kind words thick.
Asquith, dear, I'm very sorry,
 I'm repentant and half sick.
I'll be good and quit all smashing,
 That, perchance, would get his Goat,
A Damn sight better business
 Than rough-housing for the vote.



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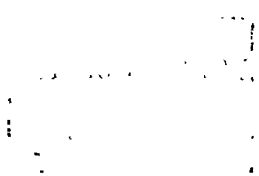


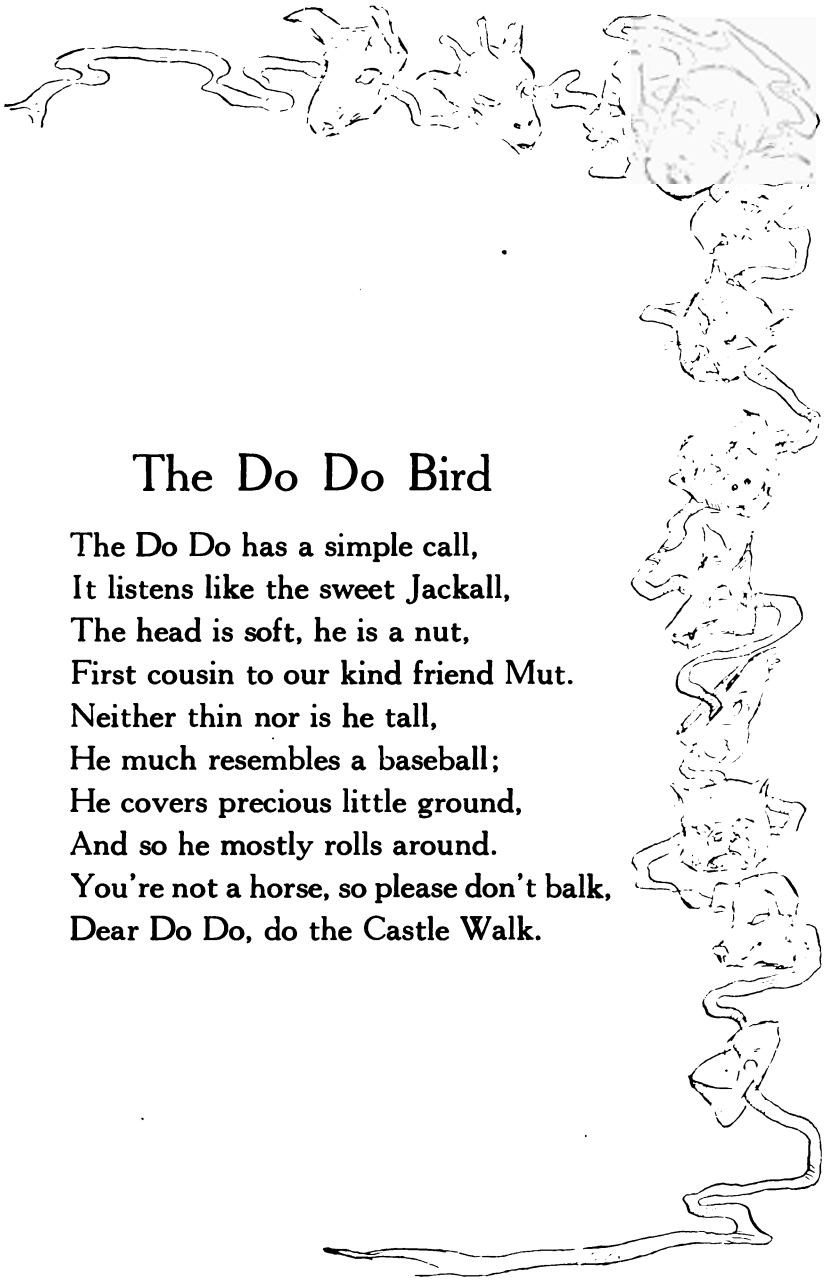
Cocato--Cocotte

You're a pretty little doll,
And you're not half bad at all,
 Though the Grannies and the Grumps
 all look askance
At the flirty, quirky, wiles
Of your fetching, cozy smiles,
 And the way you capture everything in
 pants.

Most of those who criticise
Do so with malicious eyes.
 They couldn't land a sucker with a net.
"Right" it is to be quite good,
But who wouldn't if she could
 Be a clever, dear, enticing, sweet co-
 quette?







The Do Do Bird

The Do Do has a simple call,
It listens like the sweet Jackall,
The head is soft, he is a nut,
First cousin to our kind friend Mut.
Neither thin nor is he tall,
He much resembles a baseball;
He covers precious little ground,
And so he mostly rolls around.
You're not a horse, so please don't balk,
Dear Do Do, do the Castle Walk.

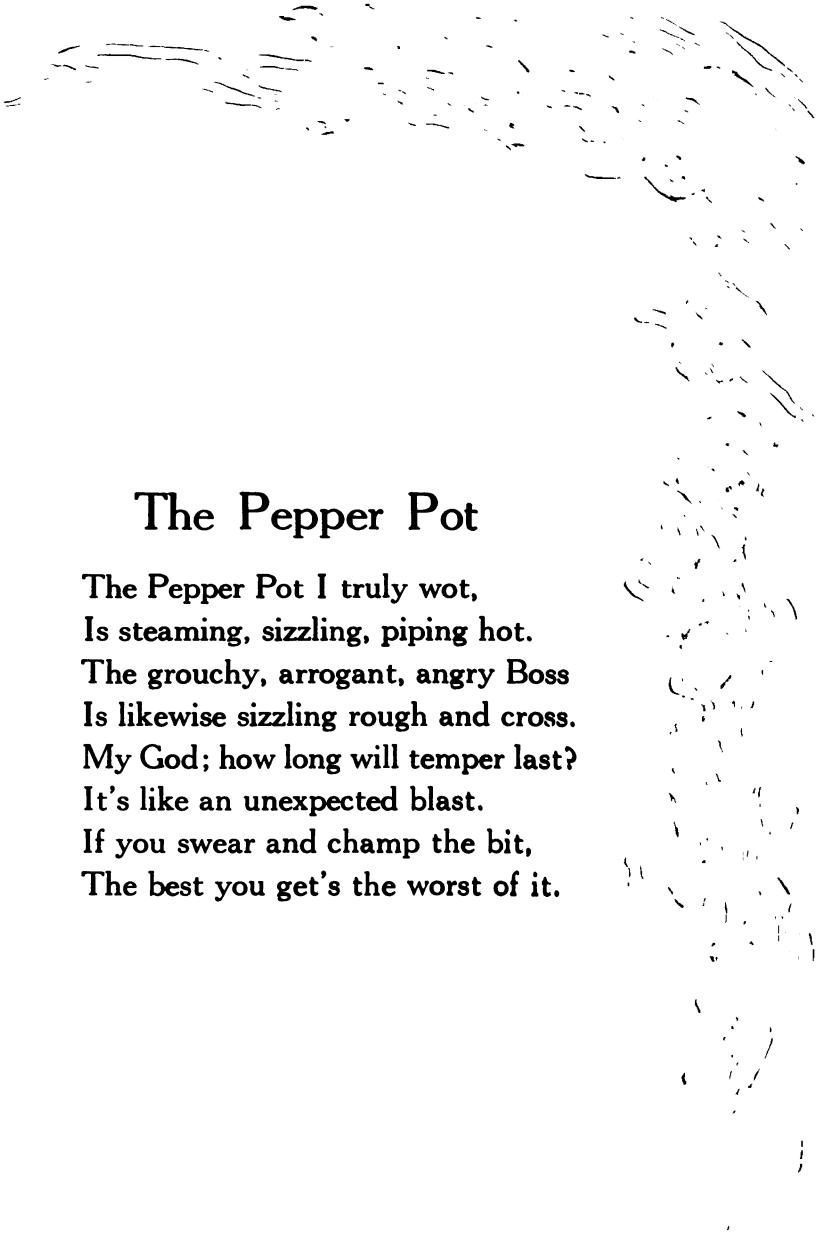
Birds

THE PLOVER—THE PEPPER-POT

The Pepper Pot is scattered through the South. Its principal habitat being New Orleans, where it is prized as one of the exclusive dishes in the old town of fastidious chefs. In season, and frequently out, Madam Begaue serves this choice morsel of a bird both on and at her table.

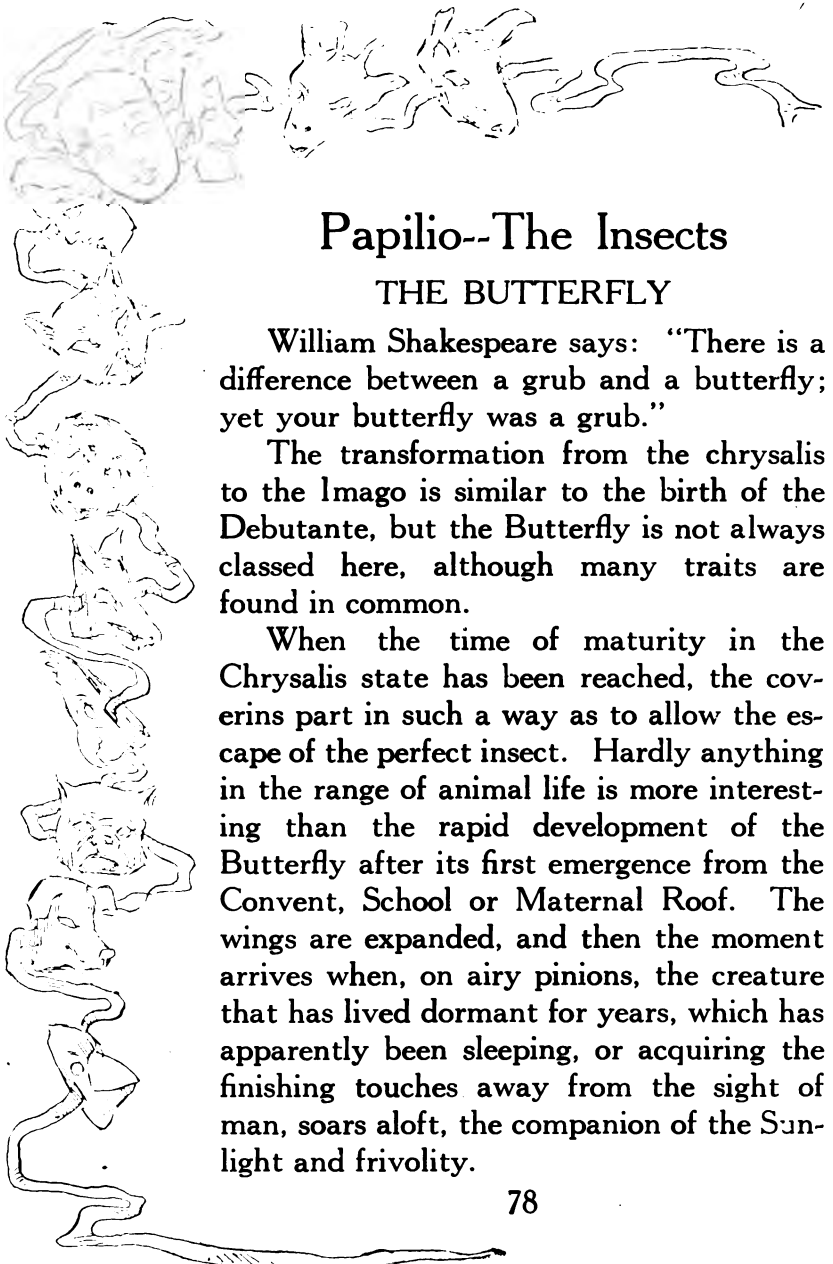
This quite remarkable, highly-seasoned delicacy acquires its name through the hot stuff (Wild Pepper) it subsists on, and without the Cook's artifice is served au naturel, and justly merits the name Pepper Pot.

At table the bird can usually be designated as a Cook's Tourist, fussy, fidgety, carping and complaining, one is led to believe he has mixed up with some chipping Sparrow, for they have many qualities in common. Should you have over-indulged in Pepper Pot and feel cantankerous and grouchy, without apparent provocation, take this one bit of advice—it is an invaluable remedy: Keep the mouth closed tight.



The Pepper Pot

The Pepper Pot I truly wot,
Is steaming, sizzling, piping hot.
The grouchy, arrogant, angry Boss
Is likewise sizzling rough and cross.
My God; how long will temper last?
It's like an unexpected blast.
If you swear and champ the bit,
The best you get's the worst of it.



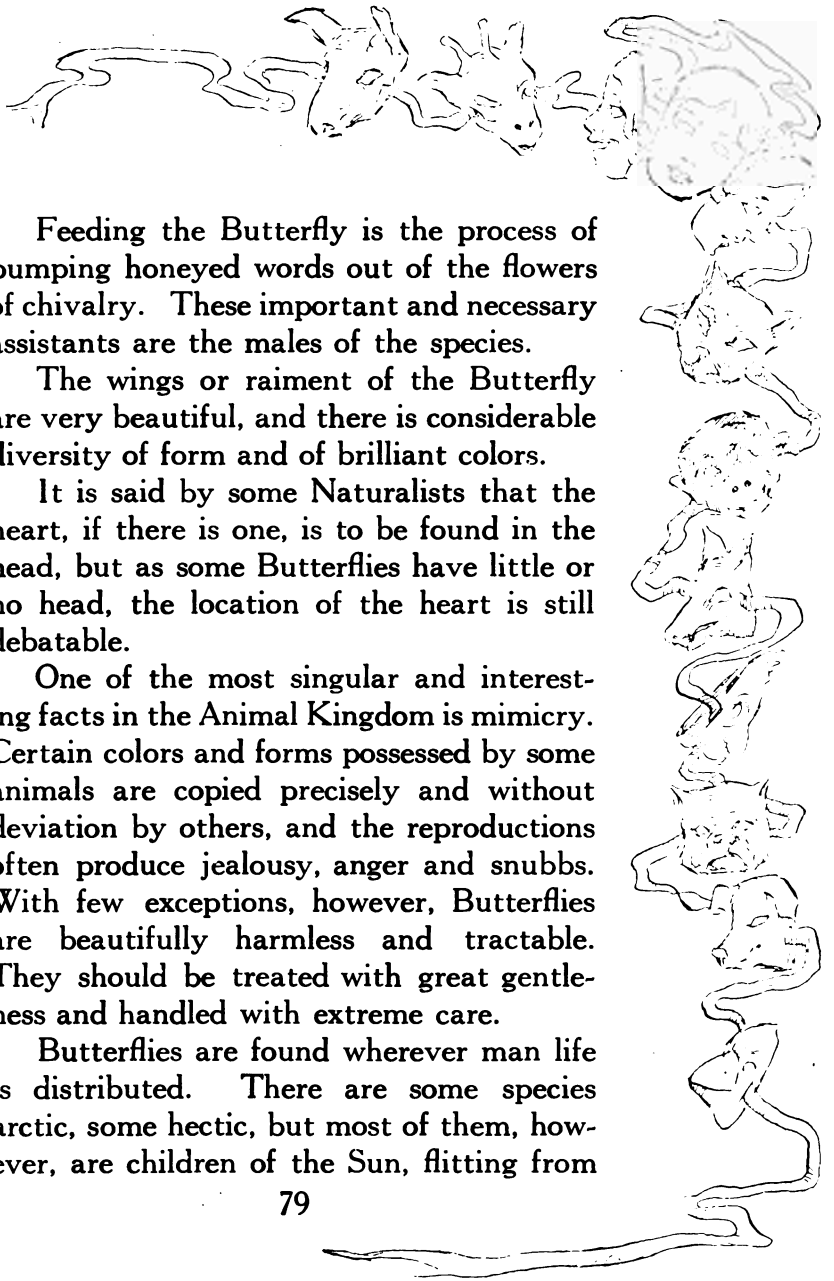
Papilio--The Insects

THE BUTTERFLY

William Shakespeare says: "There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub."

The transformation from the chrysalis to the Imago is similar to the birth of the Debutante, but the Butterfly is not always classed here, although many traits are found in common.

When the time of maturity in the Chrysalis state has been reached, the coverins part in such a way as to allow the escape of the perfect insect. Hardly anything in the range of animal life is more interesting than the rapid development of the Butterfly after its first emergence from the Convent, School or Maternal Roof. The wings are expanded, and then the moment arrives when, on airy pinions, the creature that has lived dormant for years, which has apparently been sleeping, or acquiring the finishing touches away from the sight of man, soars aloft, the companion of the Sunlight and frivolity.



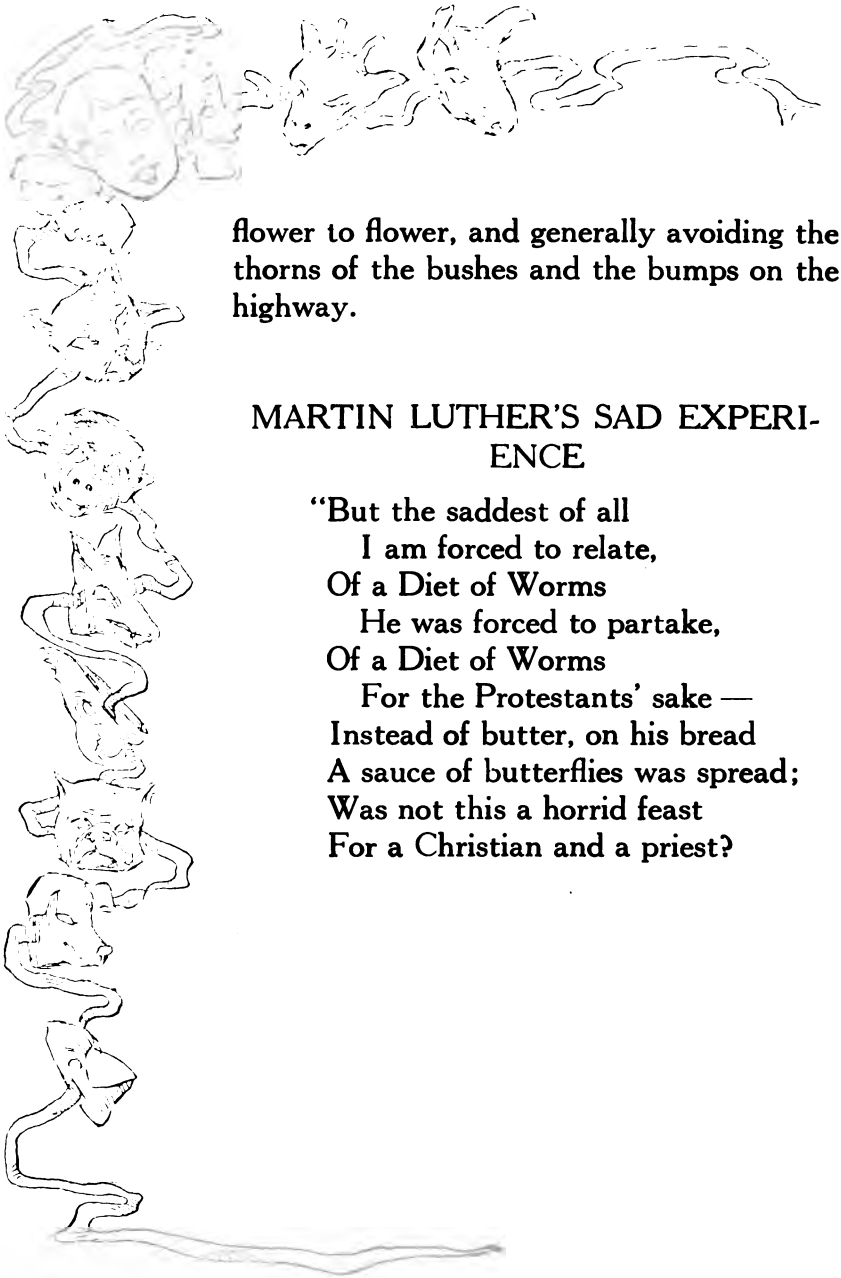
Feeding the Butterfly is the process of pumping honeyed words out of the flowers of chivalry. These important and necessary assistants are the males of the species.

The wings or raiment of the Butterfly are very beautiful, and there is considerable diversity of form and of brilliant colors.

It is said by some Naturalists that the heart, if there is one, is to be found in the head, but as some Butterflies have little or no head, the location of the heart is still debatable.

One of the most singular and interesting facts in the Animal Kingdom is mimicry. Certain colors and forms possessed by some animals are copied precisely and without deviation by others, and the reproductions often produce jealousy, anger and snubbs. With few exceptions, however, Butterflies are beautifully harmless and tractable. They should be treated with great gentleness and handled with extreme care.

Butterflies are found wherever man life is distributed. There are some species arctic, some hectic, but most of them, however, are children of the Sun, flitting from

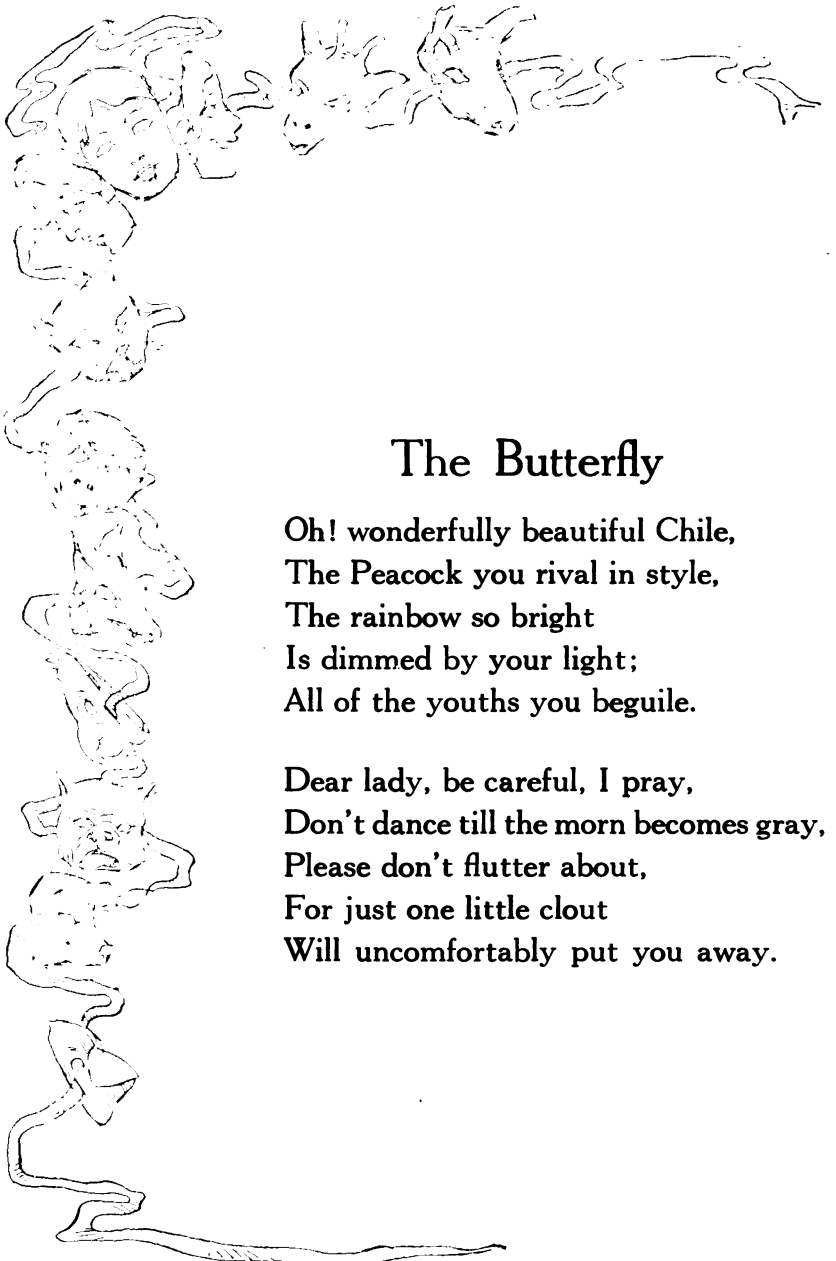


flower to flower, and generally avoiding the thorns of the bushes and the bumps on the highway.

MARTIN LUTHER'S SAD EXPERIENCE

"But the saddest of all
I am forced to relate,
Of a Diet of Worms
He was forced to partake,
Of a Diet of Worms
For the Protestants' sake —
Instead of butter, on his bread
A sauce of butterflies was spread;
Was not this a horrid feast
For a Christian and a priest?





The Butterfly

Oh! wonderfully beautiful Chile,
The Peacock you rival in style,
The rainbow so bright
Is dimmed by your light;
All of the youths you beguile.

Dear lady, be careful, I pray,
Don't dance till the morn becomes gray,
Please don't flutter about,
For just one little clout
Will uncomfortably put you away.



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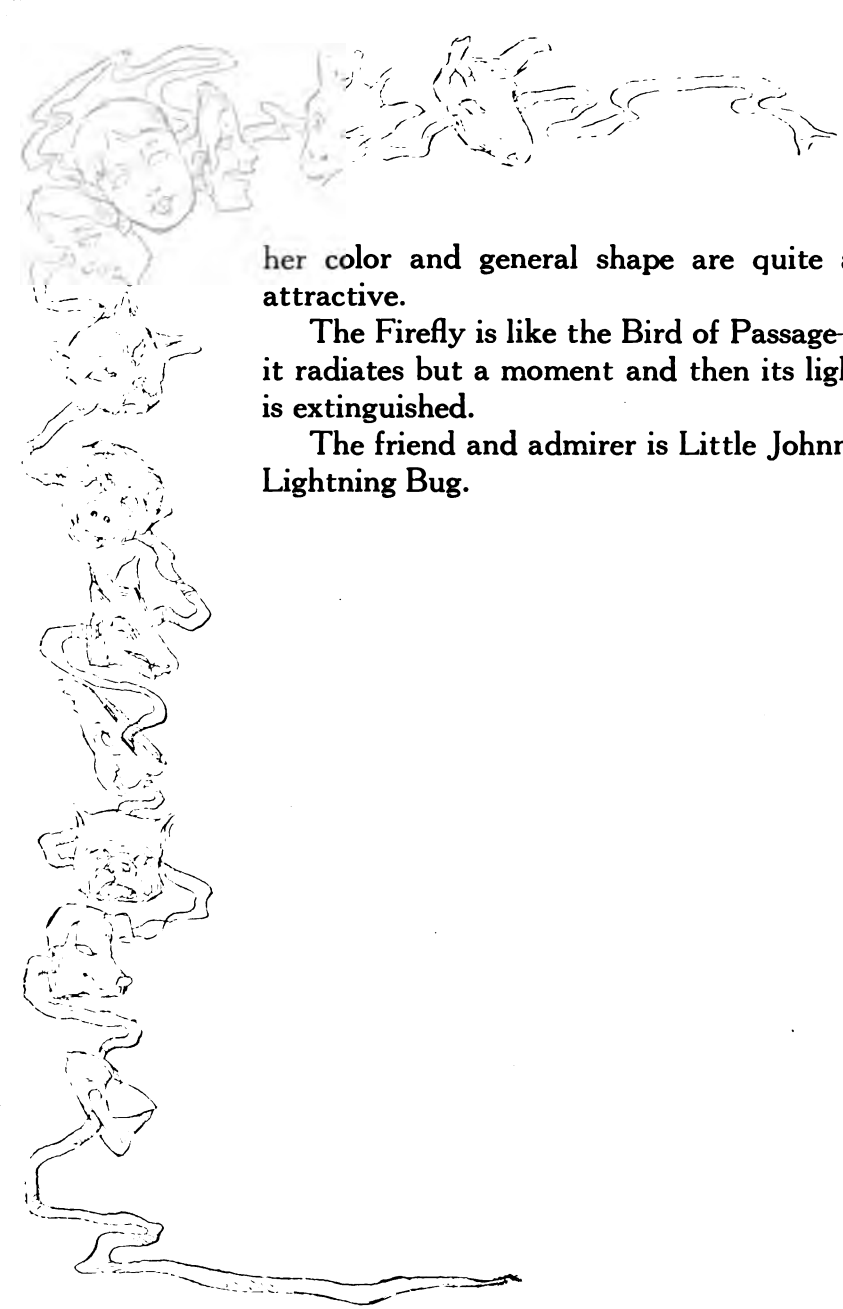
The Firefly

The Firefly is a unique insect, and although it sparkles with great splendor, it is not considered so aristocratic as its cousin, the Butterfly, in the realm of flying things. Its principal aim in living is to attract and to amuse. One little Firefly was known to shine with the brightness of a star. Its brilliancy and song brought thousands wherever the Firefly was exhibited.

There are two varieties of the Firefly, the Italian and the American. The Italian is small, but is remarkable for its radiance; it shines only at night, and all day long retires and rests for its nightly exploits. It is much like the ant, for it plods and saves.

The American Firefly is quite different. She might be called the Chicken or Squab of the Insect Kingdom. She shines both day and night, and like the bee, sips honey from every available source. Unlike her sister, she never saves, although her resources for acquiring seem to be many.

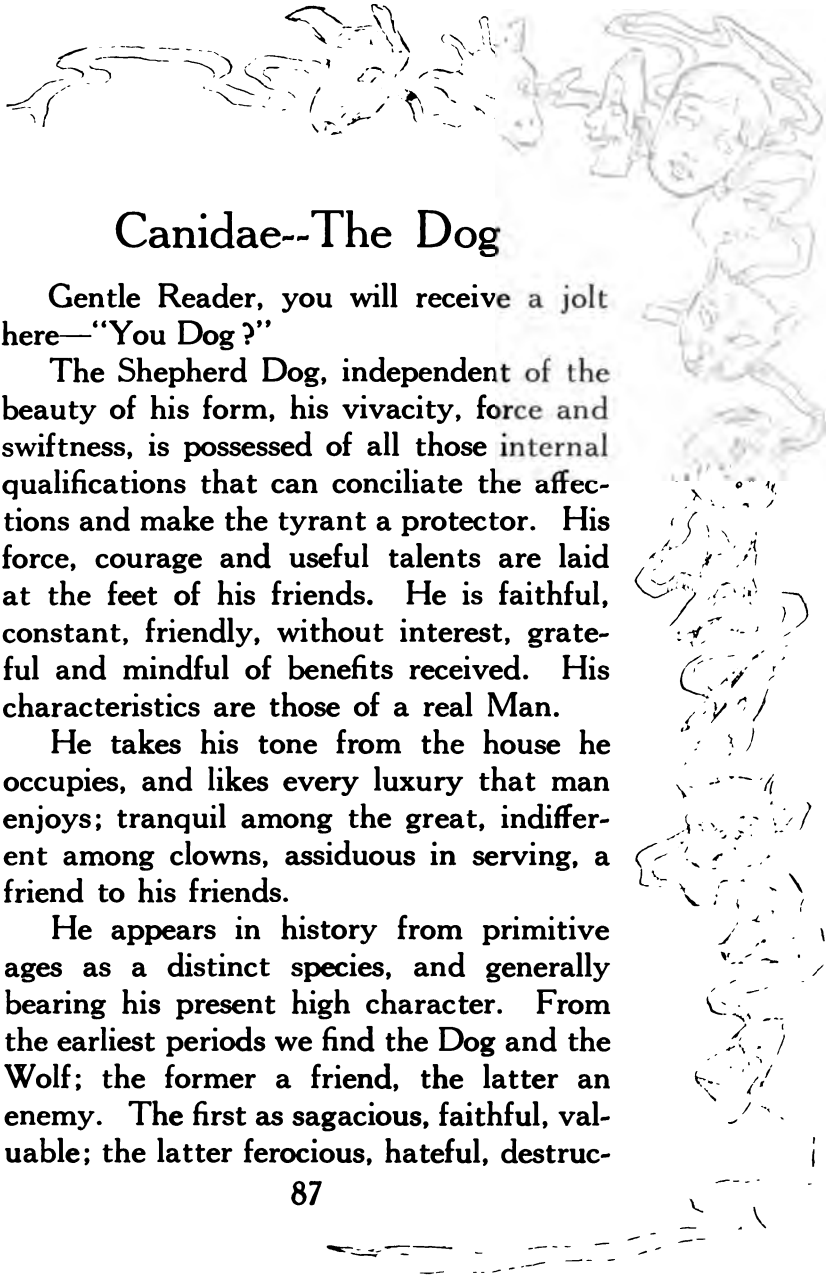
The sweet little flitterer is not so brilliant nor so long-lived as her sister, although



her color and general shape are quite as attractive.

The Firefly is like the Bird of Passage—it radiates but a moment and then its light is extinguished.

The friend and admirer is Little Johnny Lightning Bug.



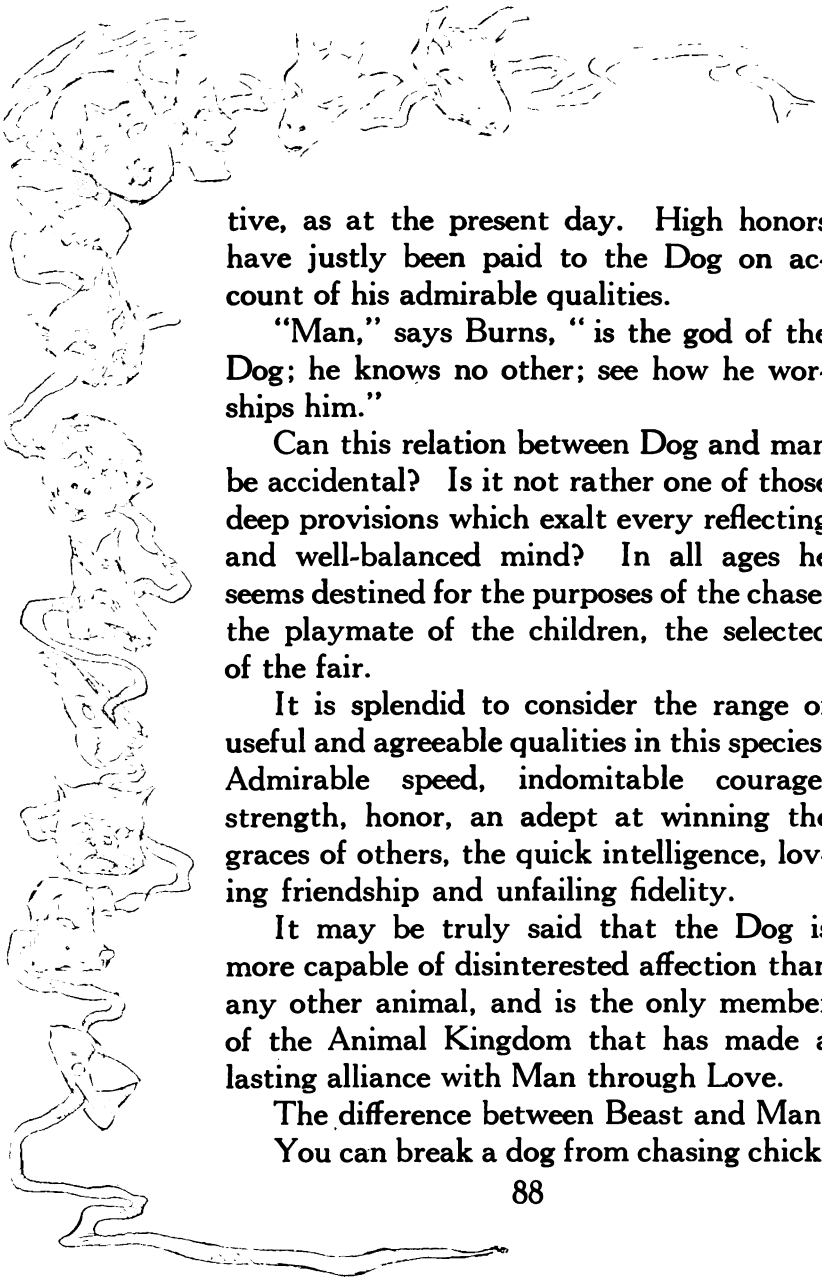
Canidae--The Dog

Gentle Reader, you will receive a jolt here—"You Dog?"

The Shepherd Dog, independent of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force and swiftness, is possessed of all those internal qualifications that can conciliate the affections and make the tyrant a protector. His force, courage and useful talents are laid at the feet of his friends. He is faithful, constant, friendly, without interest, grateful and mindful of benefits received. His characteristics are those of a real Man.

He takes his tone from the house he occupies, and likes every luxury that man enjoys; tranquil among the great, indifferent among clowns, assiduous in serving, a friend to his friends.

He appears in history from primitive ages as a distinct species, and generally bearing his present high character. From the earliest periods we find the Dog and the Wolf; the former a friend, the latter an enemy. The first as sagacious, faithful, valuable; the latter ferocious, hateful, destruc-



tive, as at the present day. High honors have justly been paid to the Dog on account of his admirable qualities.

"Man," says Burns, "is the god of the Dog; he knows no other; see how he worships him."

Can this relation between Dog and man be accidental? Is it not rather one of those deep provisions which exalt every reflecting and well-balanced mind? In all ages he seems destined for the purposes of the chase, the playmate of the children, the selected of the fair.

It is splendid to consider the range of useful and agreeable qualities in this species. Admirable speed, indomitable courage, strength, honor, an adept at winning the graces of others, the quick intelligence, loving friendship and unfailing fidelity.

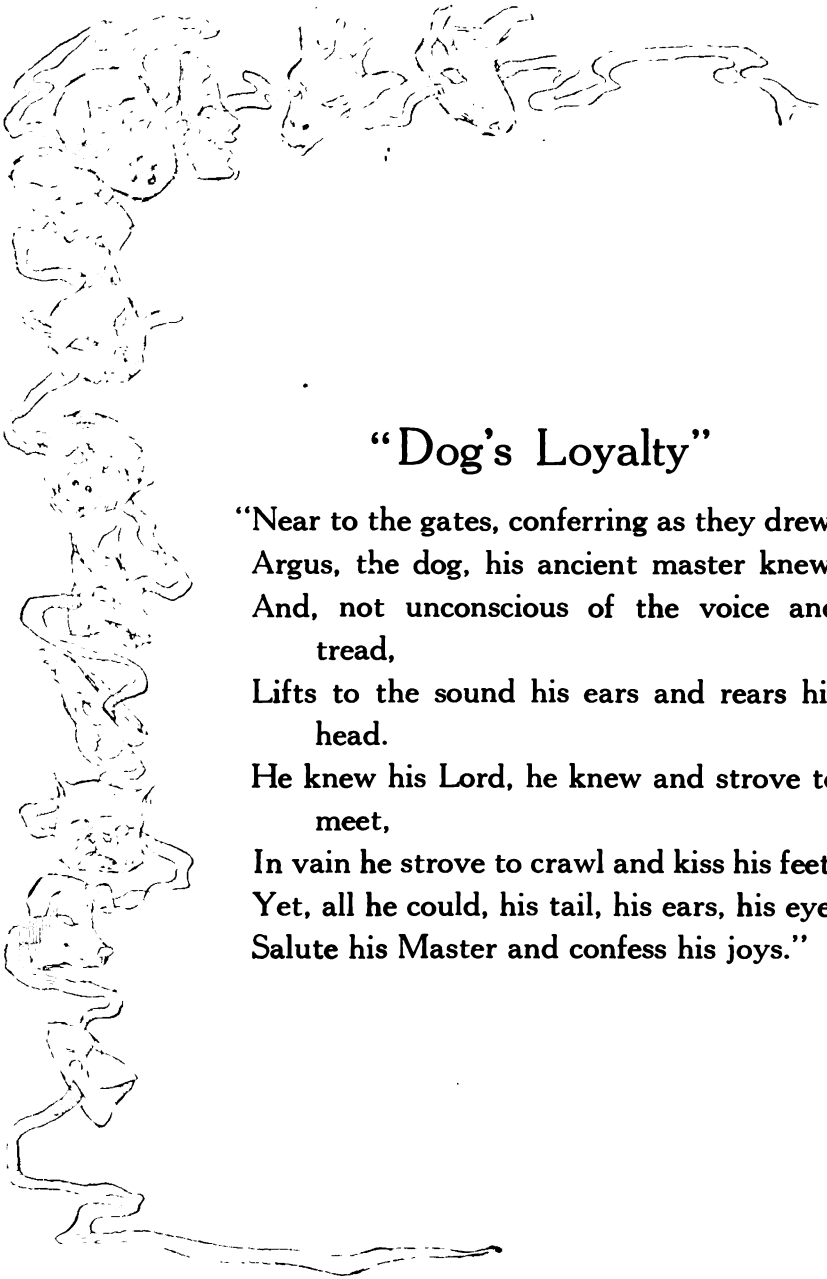
It may be truly said that the Dog is more capable of disinterested affection than any other animal, and is the only member of the Animal Kingdom that has made a lasting alliance with Man through Love.

The difference between Beast and Man: You can break a dog from chasing chick-

ens by tying a chicken around his neck—not so with man!

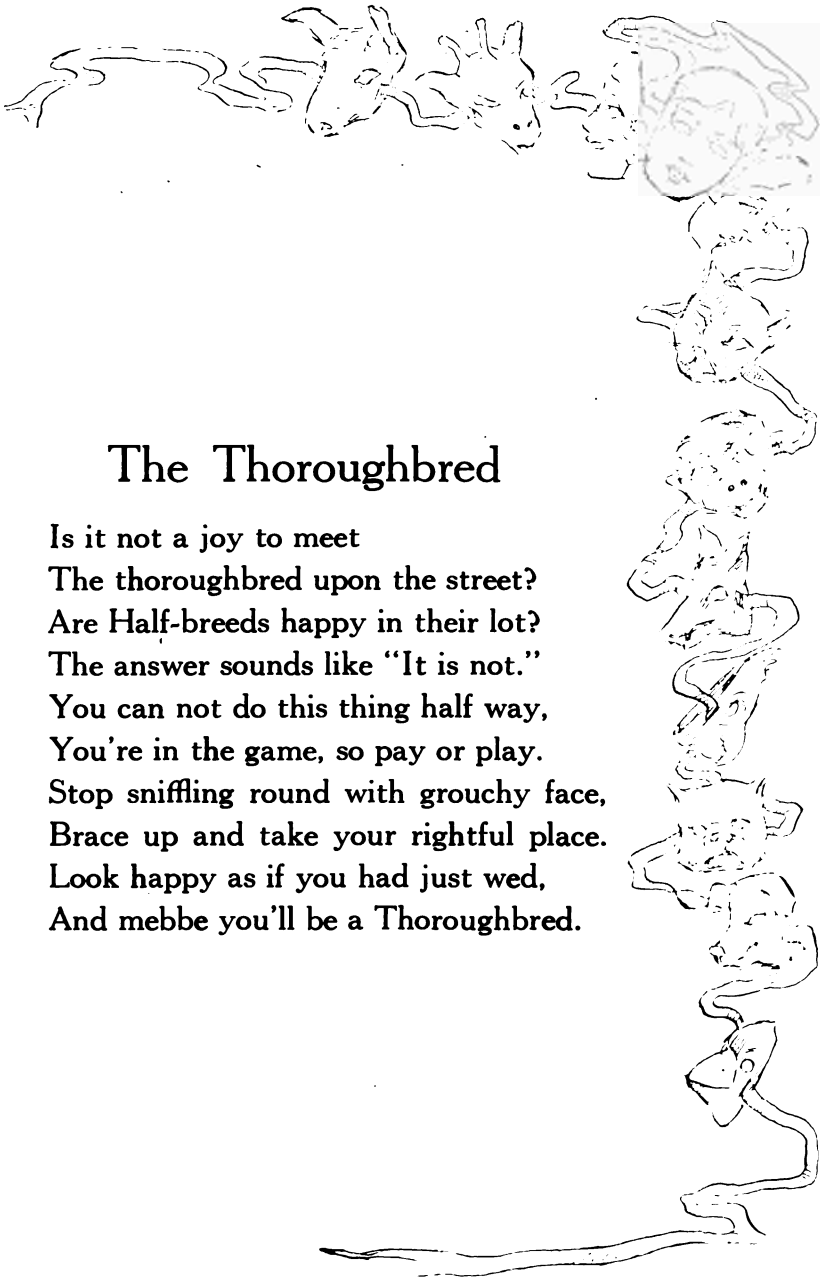
"The more man sees of his friends the better he likes his dog."

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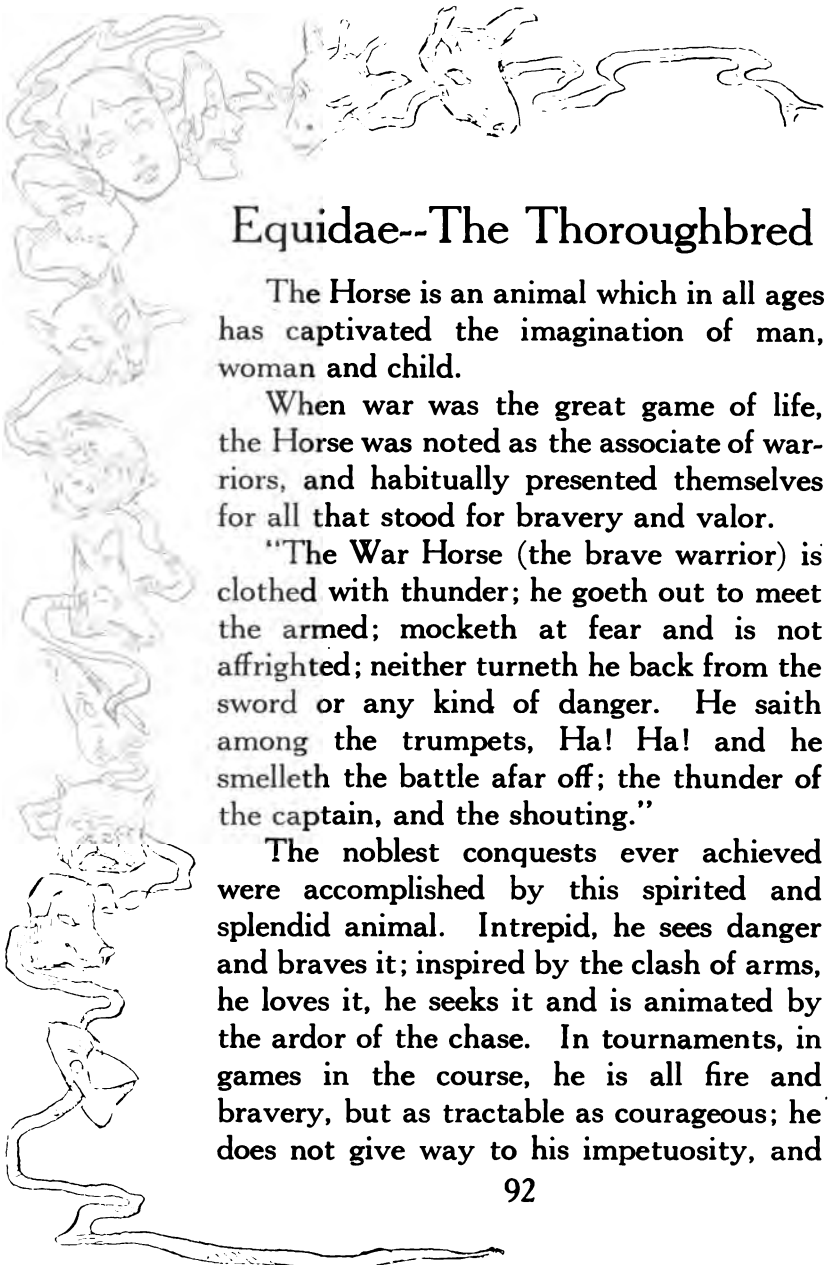
"Dog's Loyalty"

"Near to the gates, conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew.
And, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ears and rears his head.
He knew his Lord, he knew and strove to meet,
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet.
Yet, all he could, his tail, his ears, his eye,
Salute his Master and confess his joys."



The Thoroughbred

Is it not a joy to meet
The thoroughbred upon the street?
Are Half-breeds happy in their lot?
The answer sounds like "It is not."
You can not do this thing half way,
You're in the game, so pay or play.
Stop sniffling round with grouchy face,
Brace up and take your rightful place.
Look happy as if you had just wed,
And mebbe you'll be a Thoroughbred.



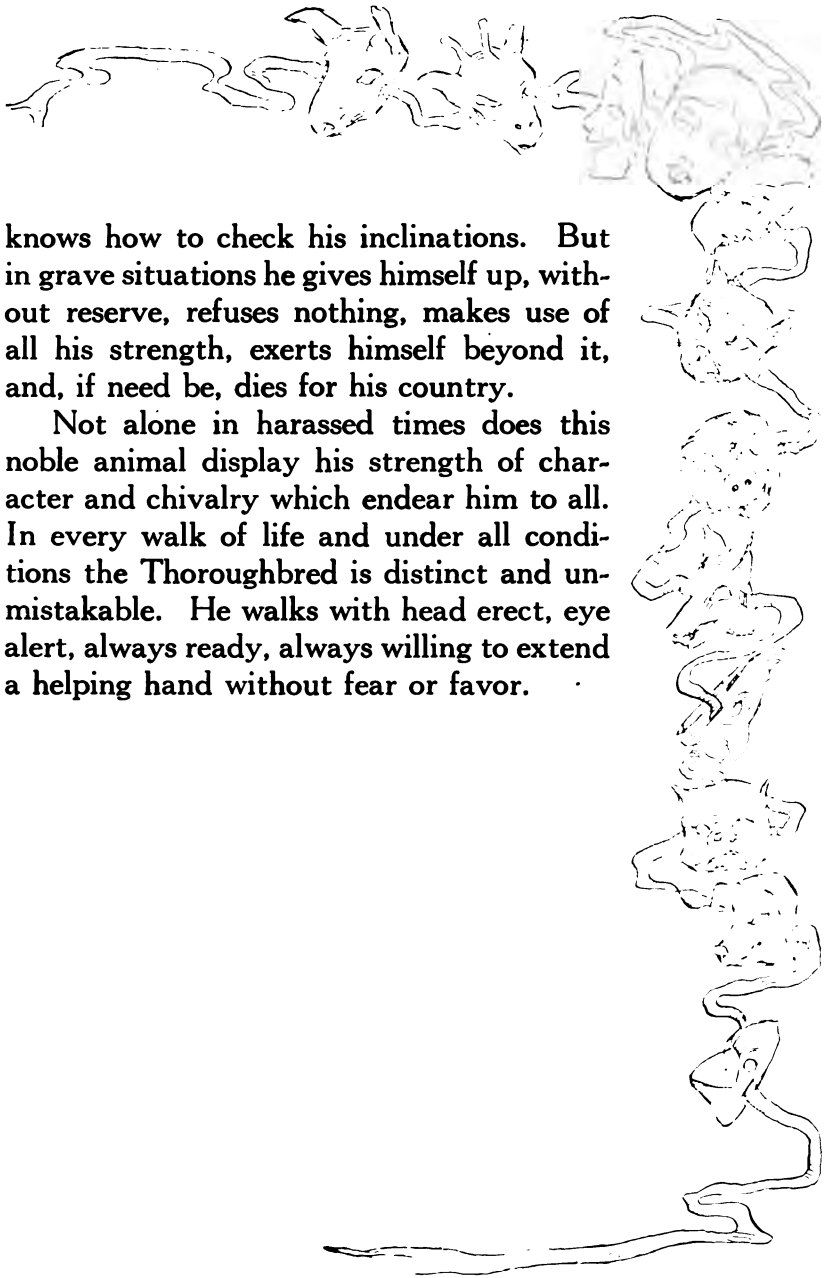
Equidae--The Thoroughbred

The Horse is an animal which in all ages has captivated the imagination of man, woman and child.

When war was the great game of life, the Horse was noted as the associate of warriors, and habitually presented themselves for all that stood for bravery and valor.

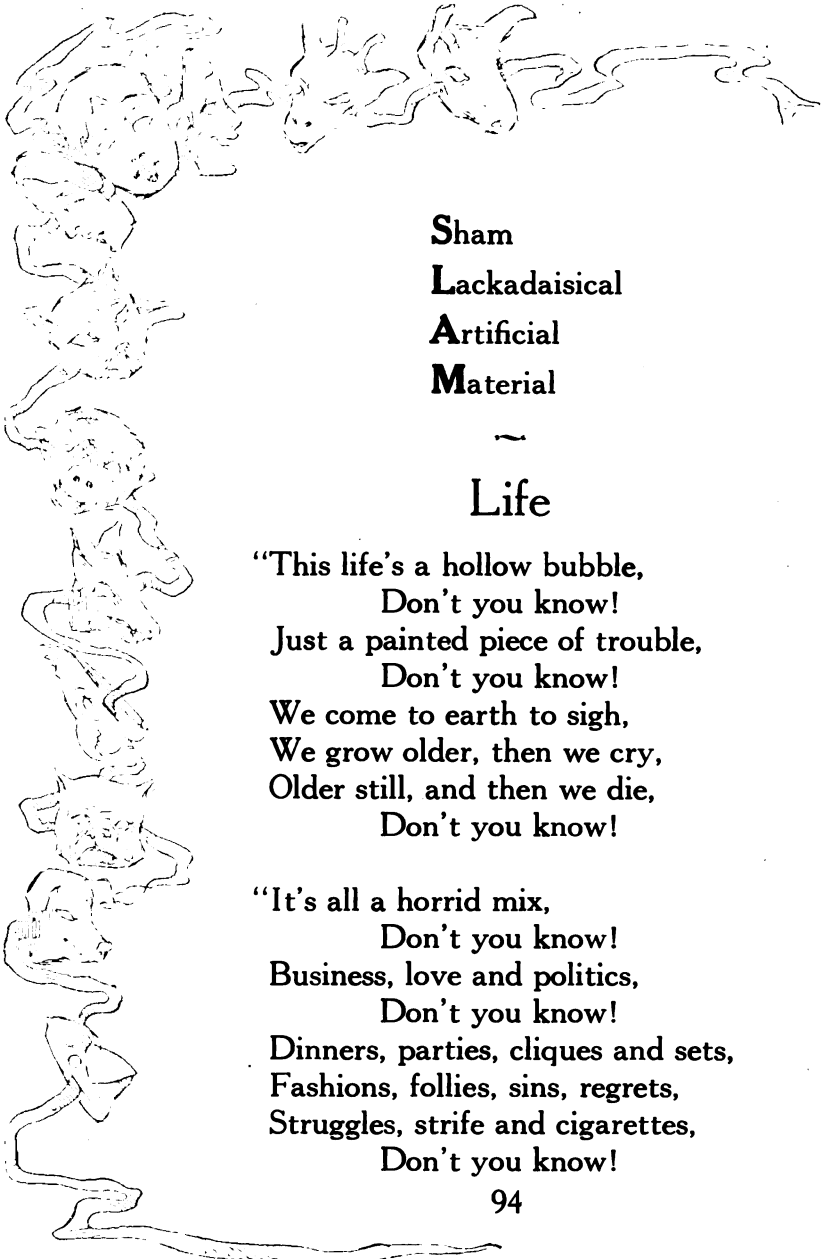
"The War Horse (the brave warrior) is clothed with thunder; he goeth out to meet the armed; mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword or any kind of danger. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captain, and the shouting."

The noblest conquests ever achieved were accomplished by this spirited and splendid animal. Intrepid, he sees danger and braves it; inspired by the clash of arms, he loves it, he seeks it and is animated by the ardor of the chase. In tournaments, in games in the course, he is all fire and bravery, but as tractable as courageous; he does not give way to his impetuosity, and



knows how to check his inclinations. But in grave situations he gives himself up, without reserve, refuses nothing, makes use of all his strength, exerts himself beyond it, and, if need be, dies for his country.

Not alone in harassed times does this noble animal display his strength of character and chivalry which endear him to all. In every walk of life and under all conditions the Thoroughbred is distinct and unmistakable. He walks with head erect, eye alert, always ready, always willing to extend a helping hand without fear or favor.

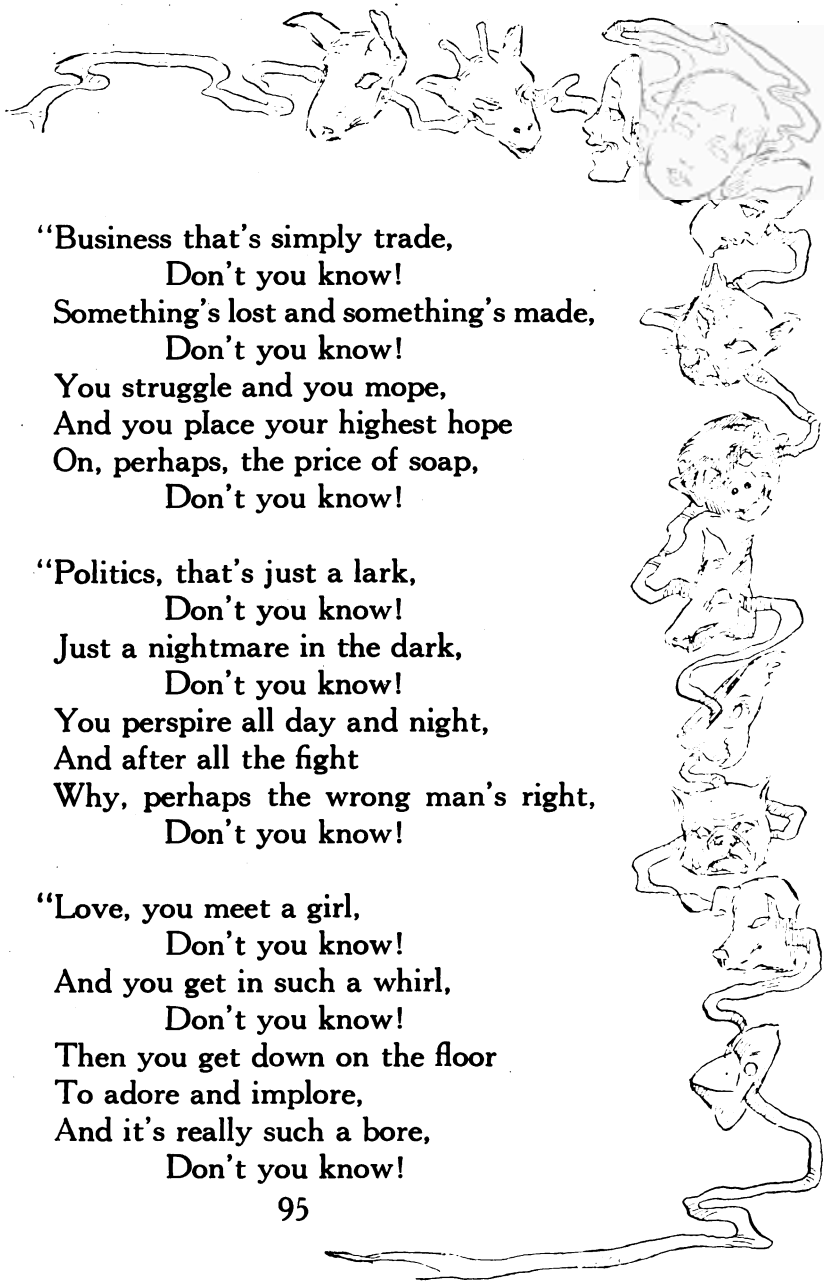


Sham
Lackadaisical
Artificial
Material

Life

"This life's a hollow bubble,
Don't you know!
Just a painted piece of trouble,
Don't you know!
We come to earth to sigh,
We grow older, then we cry,
Older still, and then we die,
Don't you know!

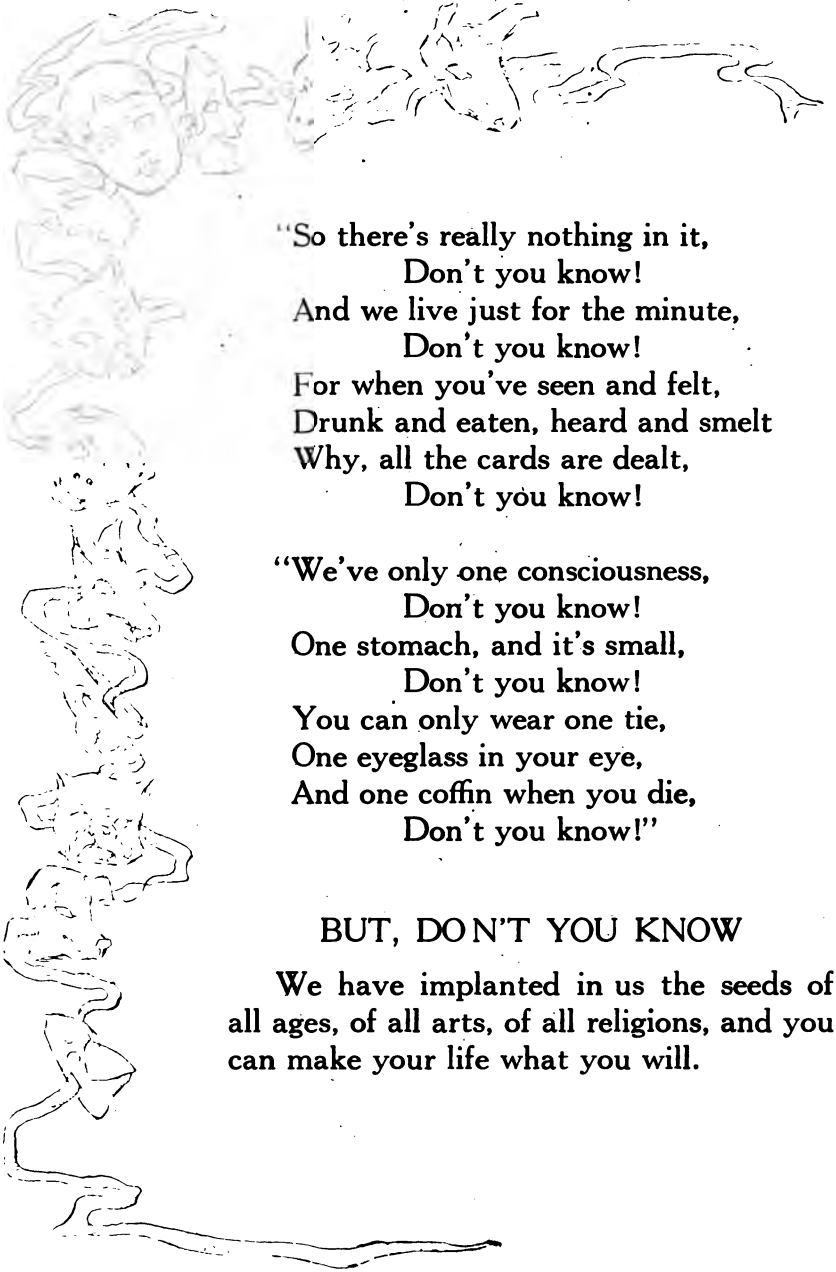
"It's all a horrid mix,
Don't you know!
Business, love and politics,
Don't you know!
Dinners, parties, cliques and sets,
Fashions, follies, sins, regrets,
Struggles, strife and cigarettes,
Don't you know!



"Business that's simply trade,
Don't you know!
Something's lost and something's made,
Don't you know!
You struggle and you mope,
And you place your highest hope
On, perhaps, the price of soap,
Don't you know!

"Politics, that's just a lark,
Don't you know!
Just a nightmare in the dark,
Don't you know!
You perspire all day and night,
And after all the fight
Why, perhaps the wrong man's right,
Don't you know!

"Love, you meet a girl,
Don't you know!
And you get in such a whirl,
Don't you know!
Then you get down on the floor
To adore and implore,
And it's really such a bore,
Don't you know!



"So there's really nothing in it,
Don't you know!
And we live just for the minute,
Don't you know!
For when you've seen and felt,
Drunk and eaten, heard and smelt
Why, all the cards are dealt,
Don't you know!

"We've only one consciousness,
Don't you know!
One stomach, and it's small,
Don't you know!
You can only wear one tie,
One eyeglass in your eye,
And one coffin when you die,
Don't you know!"

BUT, DON'T YOU KNOW

We have implanted in us the seeds of all ages, of all arts, of all religions, and you can make your life what you will.

